

Leatherneck

FEB. 1953

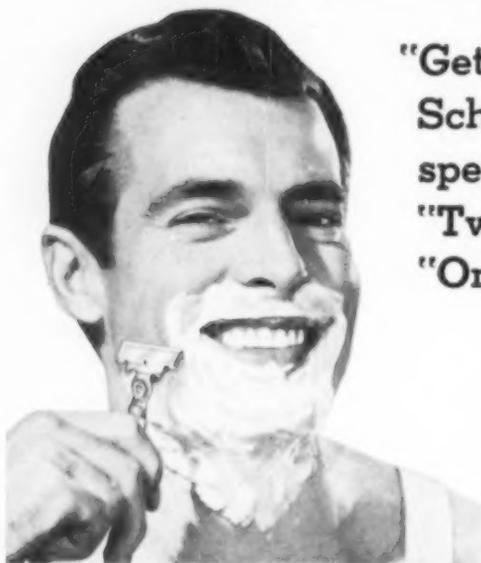
MAGAZINE OF THE MARINES

25c



John Chalk

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EXTRA SHARP, EXTRA THICK, HEAVY DUTY BLADES
Precision-made! The only blade that fits Schick Injector perfectly!

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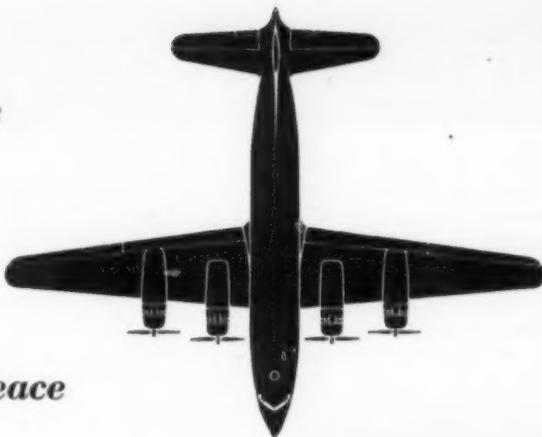
3.
AUTOMATICALLY LOCKS BLADE
Blade is always at same, precise angle for cleaner shaves!

4.
AUTOMATICALLY CHANGES BLADE
No twisting, no adjusting! Just push-pull, click-click!

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SCHICK
INJECTOR
RAZOR & BLADES

Engineered for Faster, Smoother, Easier Shaves!

*The plane
that helped
win the war
now helps
win the peace*



—the Douglas C-54

Last August nearly 4,000 Moslem pilgrims bound for Mecca were stranded in Beirut 800 miles from the holy city.

In one of the finest demonstrations of international good will, the Department of Defense provided a "magic carpet" in the form of the Military Air Transport Service to speed these pilgrims on their way.

Fourteen U.S. Air Force Douglas C-54s roared into Beirut from Europe and Tripoli and then flew the 12-hour shuttle to Jidda (near Mecca). Four days later the last pilgrim arrived at Jidda with two hours to spare.

The performance of the rugged C-54 on this occasion was in keeping with the history of this great

airplane. For it was the C-54 which flew billions of transport miles during the war and performed so nobly on the "Berlin Airlift."

Again the C-54 proves Douglas leadership in aviation. Planes which can be produced swiftly and in quantity, to fly farther and faster with a bigger payload, are a basic Douglas concept.



Depend on **DOUGLAS**



First in Aviation

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VOLUME XXXVI, NUMBER 2

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FAR EASTERN STAFF: MSgts. Fred G. Braitsch, Robert T. Fugate and Harold B. Wells.

SOUND OFF

Edited by
MSgt. Elmer Ill

HEROES WITHOUT WEAPONS

Dear Sir:

On the battlefields in Korea, as on the battlefields of the last war, there is one branch of the Navy which isn't heard of very much but is just as important as the infantry and supporting units. This outfit is the Navy corpsmen and members of the Navy Medical Corps.

The corpsman, referred to mostly as "Doc," is one of the best "Joes" a man could run into. In battle or out, the "Doc" always has a smile and a joke or two to help a man forget his troubles.

When, in many cases, the infantry goes on patrols, raiding parties and assaults, the "Doc" is always near. He has no weapon, but his being present and his ever present sense of humor lifts the morale of the men greatly. He gains and holds the respect of the men he serves. Outside of God, no man is needed greater on the lines than the corpsman. Treating the wounded is not just a job to the "Doc," it is his love and devotion to his country and fellow man.

These battlefield corpsmen are only the first to care for the wounded. They do their best until they can do no more. After the first care is given, the wounded are evacuated as quickly as possible to an aid station. There they are again checked and sent by helicopter to a medical company hospital or hospital ship. At all times they get the best of treatment and care.

Where the corpsmen leave off, the doctors and nurses take over. In some

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 4)

This Month's Cover . . .

Office Memorandum

From: Sgt. Maj. Hardrock

To: Pfc Dimple

Subj: St. Valentine's Day; observance of

1. In commemoration of 14Feb53, transmitted herewith is the traditional token.

Painting by Sgt. John Chalk.

Posed by Caren Preiss—Rising Young Starlet



Enjoy *today's* most pleasing cigarette with this assurance: No other leading cigarette is less irritating, or easier on the throat, or contains less nicotine than Old Gold. This conclusion was established on evidence by the United States Government.

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- Gives those grand "Parade Shines" that last and last.
- Covers up scuff marks—helps keep shoes softer, more comfortable.
- The servicemen's favorite the world over! Famous in 136 Countries.



SOUND OFF

[continued from page 2]

cases the doctors have to do very little because of the corpsman's efficiency and devotion to the care of the wounded.

These few words do not give the corpsman his justified reward or express his sincerity and devotion to duty. We, of the United States Marine Corps, take deep pride in saluting these "Heroes Without Weapons."

SSgt. Lucindo Pimentel, USMC
Corp. Harold A. Grant
1st Marine Division
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

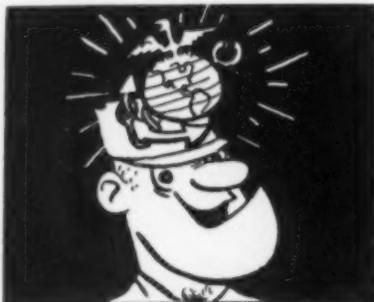
● *We join you in the salute.—Ed.*

EMBLEMS

Dear Sir:

I have a very important topic to discuss with you, concerning the morale of the troops in Korea.

Coming off the line and going into reserve we were amazed and astonished to find out that we could not wear small Marine Corps emblems on our



"Gung Ho" caps. These are cold weather hats and do not have emblems on them. I would like to know why they will not let us put emblems on them. This small pleasure makes the men feel more like Marines when wearing Army gear.

Waiting for your reply,

Pvt. Daniel Curley, USMC
Pfc Royce Hudson, USMC
"B" Co., 1stBn., 7th Mar.
1st Marine Division

FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● *It is the Division Commander's prerogative to decide if emblems or other distinguishing devices are to be worn with the field uniform under combat conditions.—Ed.*

EXISTENCE CARDS

Dear Sir:

Please advise through your "Sound Off" column of the *Leatherneck* as to whether or not the annual reports of

existence cards are still required by retired personnel.

Name withheld by request

● *The report is no longer required.—Ed.*

KWAJALEIN ATOLL

Sir:

In reviewing "Great Dates of the Corps" in your November issue, the undersigned discovered an apparent omission and submits the following information:

The Fourth Marine Division landed in the Japanese mandated, Kwajalein Atoll, Marshall Islands and took part in a short but tenacious battle for subject real estate during the period January 31, 1944, through February 2, 1944.

Vital statistics:

- 190 Marines KIA
- 547 Marines WIA
- 264 Prisoners taken
- 3472 Enemy dead

Reflecting the tenacity of this brief campaign is the fact that four Marines were awarded the Medal of Honor for valor and heroism displayed.

- Lt. Col. A. J. Dyess (Posthumous)
- 1st Lt. J. V. Power (Posthumous)
- Pfc R. B. Anderson (Posthumous)
- Pvt. R. K. Sorenson

Capt. R. E. Hoskins, USMC
Hqtrs. Mar. Corps Sup. Depot
Camp J. H. Pendleton
Oceanside, Calif.

● *Historical Section at Headquarters, Marine Corps gives the following statistics for the battle: 13 officers and 198 enlisted men were killed in action or died of wounds; 36 officers and 686 enlisted men were wounded in action. Total estimated Japanese forces on the atoll were 3800. Most were casualties.*

On January 31, 1944, members of the Fourth Marine Division landed and proceeded to secure the northern end of the atoll, Roi-Namur. At the same time, members of the 7th Army Infantry Division landed and took the southern end of the atoll.—Ed.

DRAFTED?

Dear Sir:

Quite a few of us here in the company have a problem that's been bothering us for quite awhile. After much discussion and debating I decided to write you for the straight scoop.

Our problems: We are all Regulars who signed up for a three year enlistment and all are due to get out in nine months or so. We want to know what our status will be when we get discharged.

Three of us joined the Corps when we were 17 years of age, so we aren't even registered with our local draft boards. We all want to know what our

chances are of getting drafted when we get out, especially since we'll be so young upon discharge.

Will we be placed in a special category by our draft board because of our previous service or what?



We would appreciate any information you can give us, as we are all "shook up."

Sincerely,

Corp. A. J. Fala, USMC
"B" Co., 1stBn., 8th Mar.
2nd Marine Division

Camp Lejeune, N. C.

● You and your friends will be classified as ex-servicemen and placed in category 1-C, which exempts you from induction. However, in the event of an all-out war, or if Congress should declare a national emergency, you and your friends could be inducted—unless you reenlist in the Marines!—Ed.

RANK PRECEDENCE

Dear Editor:

Going through the August issue of *Leatherneck*, I noticed a letter in this column entitled "Rank Precedence" written by a man who has subsequently joined this organization. Let's clarify the question of senior man of several staff sergeants promoted on the same date in the same organization. I think the sergeant major and the staff sergeant are both all wet. I think the senior staff sergeant is the one with the lowest warrant (or precedence) number. Only in the event two men have the same precedence number in different occupational fields, can date of previous rank influence seniority.

Sincerely,

MSgt. L. Slepik, USMC

Mar. All Weather Fighter Sqdn. 513
FPO, San Francisco, Calif.

● We'll stick by what we said in the August issue.

Precedence numbers designate seniority within the rank of that particular occupational field. However, forgetting the occupational field for a moment, let us point out that date of rank is the deciding factor for seniority in the field.

Example: Four hundred men are promoted to staff sergeant in the 01 field and 20 men are promoted to the same grade in the 21 field. The precedence

TURN PAGE



CALL FOR

PHILIP MORRIS



"Maybe that's how you stacked them in vaudeville, but it's done differently here!"

Leatherneck Magazine

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MICROSHEEN shine

FOR PERFECTION AT INSPECTION or winning bliss with a miss, you're at your best with amazing new GRIFFIN BOOT POLISH. One swipe of the brush sets its new *Microsheen* finish agleam with a super-rich jewel-like brilliance that makes even old shoes shed their service stripes. Try this amazing new long-life, super-brilliant polish. You'll call it tops.



GRIFFIN
BOOT POLISH

SOUND OFF (cont.)

numbers in the 01 field will go all the way to 400, while in the 21 field there will be only 20 precedence numbers. All men have the same date of rank. Those 20 men in the 21 field do not have more seniority than the 400 staff sergeants in the 01 field. The only way to establish seniority of the two occupational fields is by time in grade and date of rank of the next lower grade.—Ed.

PHILIPPINE PUC

Dear Sir:

We would like to know if there is a Philippine Presidential Unit Citation Ribbon. If so, who is authorized to wear it?

Yours truly,

MSgt. L. C. Bennett, USMC
H&S Co., 1st Bn., 9th Marines
Third Marine Division
Camp Joseph H. Pendleton
Oceanside, Calif.

● The Philippine Presidential Unit Citation has been approved by the Philippine Government, but as yet

there is no Navy Regulation which authorizes the wearing of this citation.—Ed.

TAXABLE RETIREMENT

Dear Editor:

If possible, could *Leatherneck* publish the answer to the following question?

On completion of 30 years of active service in the USMC, what percentage of the retirement pay is taxable by the U.S. Government?

In reading the manual, in regard to retirement, I have assumed that active duty pay does not include any portion of the allowances. I would also like to find out if this is right.

Respectfully yours,

SSgt. Joseph P. Smiddy, USMC
Security Staff
American Consulate

Bombay, India

● Retirement pay is based upon two and one half percent for each year of service or 75 percent of the man's base pay and longevity. No other allowances are authorized. However, in accordance with the present law, ten percent is added to the retirement pay of



"Sports? Heavens! That's about all they do anymore in our training camps!"

Leatherneck Magazine

those who have been officially cited for heroism. Also, those men who entered the Corps prior to July 1, 1925, are entitled to a ten percent "bonus" for good conduct.

The entire amount of an individual's retirement pay is subject to Federal taxation, unless he is retired for physical disability.—Ed.

ABBREVIATIONS

Dear Sir:

I have served with the 3rd Battalion, Eleventh Marines, First Marine Division; 2nd Battalion, Tenth Marines, Second Marine Division; and with other organizations which were designated as 2nd or 3rd Battalion, and have performed duties either as a first sergeant or sergeant major with these organizations but I've never seen 2nd written as 2d or 3rd as 3d.

I have been in the Second Infantry Training Regiment since September, 1951, and until 1 November, 1952, 2nd was always shown as 2nd. But our new S-1 states that 2d is used for designating organizations and 2nd for lieutenant. This doesn't sound logical to me. I would like to know which is correct.

Other than Chapter VIII of the Navy Correspondence Manual, are there any other publications which the Marine Corps accepts as official for the use of abbreviations in correspondence? How does it state "second" should be abbreviated?

Very truly yours,

MSgt. Joseph F. Zvirblis, USMC
2dInfTrnRegt.

Camp Joseph H. Pendleton
Oceanside, Calif.

● We will not take issue with your S-1. However, OPNAV 05-979 says that authorized abbreviations which are explained in DNS 25 and JANAP 132 will be used in official correspondence.

These references will also give you the official abbreviation for 2dLt.—Ed.

BATTLE STARS

Dear Sgt.

You stated in the October issue that the Fourth Division was awarded a separate star for Saipan and one for Tinian.

According to the book, both these islands were part of the Mariannas campaign for which only one star was awarded.

I was in on Saipan, Tinian and Guam and only received one star. Do I rate two more?

Sincerely,

MSgt. R. H. Heinmiller, USMC
2d 155-mm. Gun Bn.

Miami, Fla.

● You rate one more battle star.



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It's a good way to give yourself a "break" while working! Helps make work go faster because it really satisfies your yen for "something good," and the pleasant chewing freshens your

taste, moistens mouth and throat—even gives you a bit of a lift! Enjoy some Wrigley's Spearmint Gum today. Pick up a pack next trip to the PX.

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IN YOUR
POCKET



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SOUND OFF (cont.)

(Saipan and Guam were considered as one campaign.) The separate star for Tinian was awarded at a later date. Remember, however, you must have actively participated in all three of these landings to be eligible to wear the two stars.—Ed.

AIR WING PUC

Dear Sir:

In a recent issue of *Leatherneck*, September, I think, a question was answered in regard to an inquiry about the Army Distinguished Unit Citation. It said the 1st Marine Aircraft Wing was the only Marine unit officially awarded the badge.

What my buddy would like to know is, "For what period was it awarded and what specific units received the citation?"

We would also like to know if the 1st Wing rates another Presidential Unit Citation since February 23, 1951 for action in Korea. Would also like to know if the Korean Presidential Unit Citation has been recommended

or officially awarded any Marine unit for action in Korea.

Sincerely,
TSgt. Frank Triscritti, USMC.
Sgt. Edward F. Dolan, USMC.
I&I Staff, 1st ANGLICO,
Fort Schuyler,

New York 61, N. Y.

● The 1st Marine Aircraft Wing was awarded the Army Distinguished Unit badge for its supporting action in the Hagaru-ri, Koto-ri, Hamhung area from Nov. 22, to Dec. 14, 1950.

Certain units of the 1st MAW were awarded the Presidential Unit Citation for their support to the First Marine Division during the Inchon landing from September 15, 1950, to October 11, 1950. These units are: Marine Observation Squadron 6; MAG-33 (Reinf.); Headquarters Squadron 33; Marine Service Squadron 33; Marine Ground Control Interceptor Squadron 1; Marine Fighter Squadrons 212, 214, 312, 323, and 513 and Marine Night Fighter Squadron 542.

The Korean Presidential Unit Citation has been recommended, but not authorized, for wear as yet.—Ed.



"I decided to give myself up!"

Leatherneck Magazine

MAIL Call



Leatherneck receives many letters requesting information concerning members of the Marine Corps, and other branches of the service. Condensations of these letters are published in this column as a service to our readers.

Robert J. Isenhour, 703 East 23rd St., Anderson, Ind., to hear from Joseph Fumilouvicz of N.J., and Robert Kemmerer of Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Corp. Victor J. Avondoglio, 1st Eng. Bn., 1st Mar. Div., FPO San Francisco, Calif., to hear from Sgt. Fred Barnum who was or still is with the 1st Mar. Div., in Korea.

Willard J. Arbuco, 2550 University Ave., New York City 68, N.Y., to hear from Sgt. Robert L. Bradshaw and Frank "Lucky" Pickenpaugh, whose last known address was Ser. Co., Guard Det., MB, Camp Del Mar.

Pfc Donald R. Pennington, Wpns. Co., 1st Bn., 5th Marines, 1st Mar. Div., FPO San Francisco, Calif., to hear from Albert Pomponio.

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony J. Pawlowski, 1326 Oberlin Ave., Lorain, Ohio, to hear from anyone who has any information concerning the whereabouts of their son, Corp. Donald J. Pawlowski who has been reported missing in action in Korea since Oct 27, 1952. Corp. Pawlowski served with "A" Co., 1st Bn., 7th Marines, 1st Mar. Div.

Sgt. F. E. (Fitz) Steinbach, Ser. Btry., 1st 155-mm. Gun Bn., Camp Pendleton, Oceanside, Calif., to hear from SSgt. L. Johnson, and Sgts. Henry Woodward, Jr., Ralph Mizer, Richard Bellis, and Don Myers.

William G. Lense, 1405 E. 13th St., Tulsa 10, Okla., whose nickname is "Lou Diamond" to hear from anyone who served with him in Korea or from anyone who was in "G" Co., 14th Replacement Draft.

TURN PAGE

A Couple of Smoothies!



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NF444—"Evelyn." 14K Gold with fiery diamond. \$75 cash, \$25 d., \$10 mo.



\$110
NS1207—Smart diamond ring. 14K Yellow Gold. Set with a fiery diamond. \$110 cash, or \$35 down, \$15 mo.

GENUINE "STAR OF INDIA"



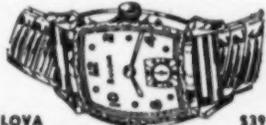
\$72.50
NS1201—Heavy, 14K Yellow Gold mounting. Genuine "Star of India" stone. 2 blazing side diamonds. \$72.50 cash, or \$32.50 down, \$10 monthly.



BULOVA \$49.50
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NF1101—10K Yellow Gold. Raised gold initial on Genuine Onyx top. \$24.75 cash, or \$8.75 d., \$5 mo.



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NF1802—15 Jewels. Natural gold color case with matching expansion bracelet. \$39.75 cash, or \$15.75 d., \$6 mo.

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2. What always responds to the first touch?
3. What's good in *all* kinds of weather?
4. What stays in top operating condition for years and years?

Answers (INCLUDING THE COMMERCIAL)

1. A ZIPPO! Built good and solid, to take plenty of rough handling.
2. A ZIPPO! Always lights on the *first* zip.
3. A ZIPPO! Works *always*, even in wind or rain.
4. A ZIPPO! Keeps right on working —free repair service for life.

Remember, a Zippo makes a honey of a gift, too!



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MAIL CALL (cont.)

MSgt. Casey T. Bazewick, 833 S. Kentucky St., South Bend, Ind., to hear from MSgt. Morris C. Brown who was captured while serving with the Fourth Marines in the Philippines during 1942.

Pfc Santos I. Alayon, Ord. Sup. Co., 1st Ord Bn., 1st Mar. Div., F.P.O. San Francisco, Calif., to hear from Carlos A. Garcia and Nicholas B. Pacheco.

SSgt. Howard James, Mar. Det., Naval Station, New Orleans, La., to hear from friends who served with him in "E" Co., 1st Marines, 1st Mar. Div. in Korea.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Ennis, Rt. 1, Delvalle, Tex., to hear from anyone who served with their son, Sgt. Fred A. Ennis, reported killed in Korea Oct. 27, '52. He served with "I" Co., 3rd-Bn., 1st Marines, 1st Mar. Div.

Former Marine Bill L. Doster, Jr., 125 Carlisle Ave., Lexington, Ky., to hear from Corp. Robert L. Strecker whose last known address was Com Nav Fe.

Mrs. William J. Wilson, 1405 E. 13th St., Tulsa 10, Okla., to hear from anyone who served with Pfc Kenneth F. Wolf, reported killed in action on Bunker Hill, Korea about Aug 13, '52.

He served with "F" Co., 2nd Bn., 1st Marines, 1st Mar. Div.

Liesclotte Monaster, 4327 N. Kenmore Ave., Chicago 13, Ill., to hear from Corp. Abraham Billet or from anyone knowing his whereabouts.

Pfc Duane E. Hogge, Hedron 2, Wing Communications, 2nd MAW, Cherry Point, N.C., to hear from Pfc Joe O'Dell whose last known address was Camp Lejeune, N.C.

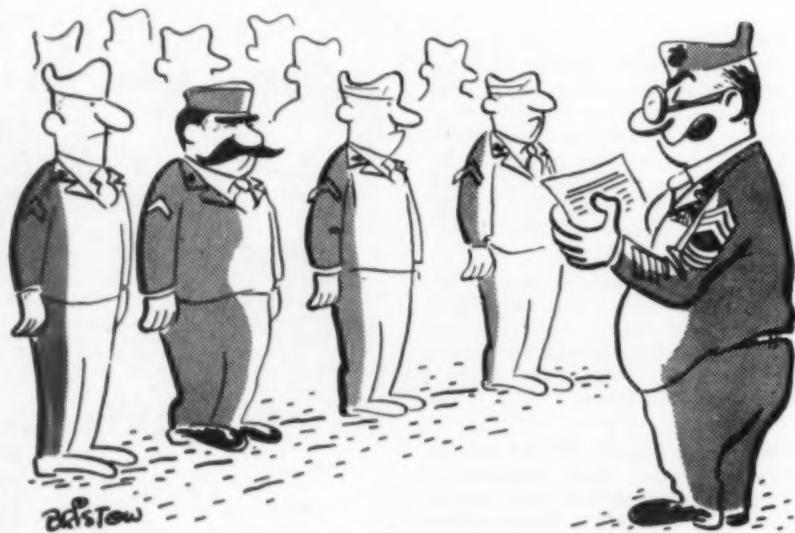
Sgt. Herbert E. Cutes, Hickory Ridge, Ark., who formerly served with the 7th Marines, to hear from parents of Pfc Dan W. Fugett, who was reported killed in the summer of '51 while serving with the 7th Marines in Korea.

Corp. A. Thomas, H&S Co., 1st Shore Party Bn., 1st Mar. Div., F.P.O. San Francisco, Calif., to hear from Corp. James Walker.

Mr. and Mrs. Larry Brencisen, 413 Lawn Ave., Sellersville, Pa., to hear from Navy SIC Charles R. Cunningham Jr., or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

Former Marine Sgt. Matthew D. Dukes, 6632 South Baker, Will Rogers Field, Oklahoma City, Okla., to hear from buddies who served with him in "F" Co., 2ndBn., 1st Marines in Korea, also from former boot camp buddies.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13)



"The old man wants to know if any of you guys speak Russian!"

Leatherneck Magazine

THE OLD GUNNY SAYS...

"SOME of you men may be wondering why we make so much fuss about your gear and equipment; always inspecting it and checking it—when you know there are extras in the company storeroom. Well, I'll tell you: First of all, this stuff is all 'Public Property.' That means it belongs to the American people—the taxpayers, including you an' me, who pay for it. When the Marine Corps gets the gear it becomes responsible for it. When it's issued for use someone has to sign a receipt and be accountable for it. Otherwise gear and equipment would quickly disappear or go to pot.

"There's another important reason why we have to inspect and maintain the equipment; most all of it has a combat purpose. We want it to be available in good shape when we really need it. That canteen may be just a gizmo on your belt now—but in the field you use it a dozen times a day.

"In the combat zone Americans have had a bad habit of treating this gear carelessly. As soon as accountability is knocked off some characters think they can start throwing stuff away or mistreating equipment—because there ain't any weekly inspections—and besides, they can always get replacement



gear. 'There's lots of it.' Well, forget that idea. There ain't lots of anything! It all takes time to manufacture. All our equipment costs twice as much now as it did ten years ago. It takes time and work to move it overseas—and what's more, military supplies just don't come from a bottomless barrel.

"In the combat area we conserve our equipment by maintenance, repair and salvage. Salvage is the recovery, removal and proper disposition of abandoned gear, equipment and supplies. Battlefield salvage begins at the front lines and forward areas and works back. It starts with the small unit and the individual. That means you.

"Don't carry too much clothing around. Wash and mend your clothes or exchange them at the laundry for clean items when you can. If you try to carry too much you will throw it away as soon as you have to move fast under fire.

"In addition to caring for your personal gear, you gotta' help conserve and salvage other gear your outfit uses or runs into.

"Don't leave ammunition and rations lying around. Carry just what you figure you will need in the near future and move what's left over to the platoon or company dump.

"Empty water cans should be turned in for full ones. Don't leave cans behind in bivouac areas or on defensive positions. Move the water cans to the supply road or the unit dumps.

"Weapons belonging to evacuated casualties should be picked up, cleaned and put back to use if needed. Never let BARs be evacuated. Armorers can pick up and clean extra weapons and turn them into the supply people.

"If you can use enemy weapons found lying around, OK, otherwise turn them in, too. You don't want to be shot in the back by some by-passed commie with a weapon you failed to pick up.

"Your unit should have a definite salvage plan and system—but even if it don't, each of you individuals has gotta' help conserve our gear and equipment. Effective salvage is a part of Marine combat efficiency. You want'a live up to the claim that the Marine Corps gives the best service for the taxpayer's dollar, don't you?" **END**

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Leatherhead in Korea

By Norval E. Packwood, Jr.

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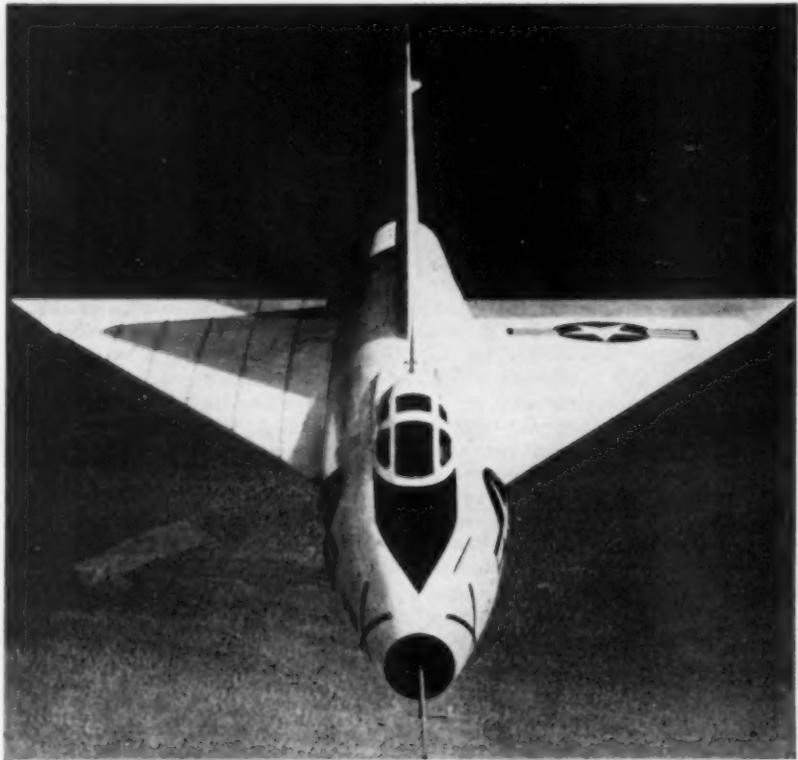
NAME

ADDRESS

Sky lines



Edited by SSgt. John P. McConnell



Convair's XF-92A research interceptor is pictured for the first time in a head-on flight view. Cameras in vertical fin record test flights

A second order for a "substantial number" of B-57 night intruder bombers for the USAF was recently announced by the Glenn L. Martin Company in Baltimore, Md. The plane is a modified and improved version of the "Canberra" light bomber developed by the English Electric Company, Ltd. Martin is manufacturing under license from the British firm.

First announcement of B-57 production for the Air Force by Martin was made last spring. The necessary engineering work and tooling up has been going ahead since then at an accelerated pace and the first production airplane is due to roll off the assembly line this year.

Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corporation has been given a production order to build America's first supersonic delta wing interceptor for the USAF. It is designated F-102, and will be built at Convair's San Diego Division.

Convair President J. T. McNarney said all details of the interceptor's performance and production rate are secret, but added that it would be one of the most advanced interceptors being produced.

The first delta wing airplane, the Air Force XF-92A research interceptor, was built by Convair and has flown extensively since 1948 from Edwards Air Force Base in California's Mojave Desert.

"Delta" is the fourth letter of the old Greek alphabet, an equilateral triangle, and is applied generally to planes of triangular shape. The true delta airplane has no horizontal tail, but is equipped with a vertical fin-rudder. It has "elevons" on the wing trailing edge instead of aileron and elevator controls.

Other leading American aircraft manufacturers—along with several in Great Britain, Sweden and Soviet Russia—have been working on delta wing types.

Cost per horsepower of an aircraft engine today is \$17. That of an outboard motor is \$35.

In a modern jet bomber's wing alone, there are nearly 6000 bolt holes which must be accurate within one to two-thousandths of an inch—or less than the thickness of a human hair. **END**

MAIL CALL

[continued from page 10]

Wanda Lee Dieterich, 2541 N. Lincoln, Neb., to hear from anyone who served with her brother, Pfc Dallis Lee Falkner, reported killed in Korea Oct. 27, 1952. He served with "C" Co., 1stBn., 7th Marines, 1stMar. Div.

Dalle Maples, 517 E. Elm, Hanford, Calif., to hear from Pfc Dick O. Miller or anyone knowing his whereabouts.

Sgt. Robert A. Hyer, "C" Co., 1stBn., 5th Marines, 1st Mar. Div., F.P.O. San Francisco, Calif., to hear from former Marine Sgt. L. Frazier.

Pfc F. L. Pittenger, HqSqrn 33, MAG 33, FMAW, FMF, F.P.O. San

Francisco, Calif., to hear from TSgt. Victor Riccard whose last known address was "A" Co., Sig.Bn., San Diego, Calif.

Mrs. Anne K. Farrell, 7006 Capitol Ave., Houston 11, Tex., to hear from Capt. Yancey who served with "D" Co., 7th Marines or from anyone knowing his present whereabouts. She desires information concerning her son, Pfc John S. Gentry, reported missing in action Nov. 28, '50.

Mrs. Joseph Neathery, 27 Newton St., Franklin, N. J., to hear from anyone having information concerning an I-D bracelet worn by her brother, reported killed in Korea Oct. 27, '52. The bracelet was inscribed "David Wright 1305468" and on the back were the words: "Love, Ruth and Joe."

Katie Barnes, Cleveland, O., to hear from Pfc John Diederick.

END



"Why you dumb . . . your conduct is emphatically and unequivocally deleterious to military decorum and I fear its results will have a pernicious effect on your status. . . ."

Leatherneck Magazine



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Utility Uniform

The utility uniform will be worn only in the field, on field type exercises and for garrison work under conditions wherein it is not practical to wear the service uniform. Examples of garrison type work, where the utility uniform may be prescribed, include mechanical work, truck operative, maintenance work and working details where personnel are involved in forms of labor where their clothing may become damaged or seriously soiled. The utility uniform will not be worn from home to place of duty outside confines of the naval activity.

When the utility uniform is worn, the jacket will be placed inside the trousers as illustrated in Plates 13 and 28 of Part I, Chapter 49, Marine Corps Manual.

Field boots and/or field shoes have been standardized for wear by Marine Corps personnel. When the field boot is worn as part of the utility uniform the trousers will be tucked inside the top of the boot. However, in the interests of uniformity, at all formations, inspections and parades, commands having personnel present wearing both field boots or field shoes will require the trousers to be worn outside the boot.

Tie Clasp

A bronze tie clasp for wear by male personnel of the U.S. Marine Corps has been authorized by the Secretary of the Navy as part of the service uniform.

The tie clasp may be worn as an optional item of uniform on leave, liberty and in garrison. It will not be worn in formations.

It will be made available to Marine Corps personnel through the Marine Corps Exchanges in the near future.

Swagger Stick

A swagger stick has been adopted as an optional item of uniform for all male officers. They are authorized and encouraged by Marine Corps Memor-

andum No. 121-52 to carry the swagger stick as part of the service uniform on the following occasions: a. Garrison duty, except in formation with troops under arms and b., on leave or liberty.

The standard swagger stick shall be of round cane, covered with smooth grain leather in the Marine Corps brown mahogany color. It shall be 24 inches in length and $\frac{3}{4}$ inch in diameter.

Male officers now possessing the previously authorized swagger stick may continue to use this item until replacement is required.

The new swagger stick will be made available to male officers through Marine Corps Exchanges in the near future.

Flight Training

The attention of all commanding officers is invited to the following Joint Letter appearing in the Navy Department Bulletin of March 31, 1952:

Item 52-164—Procedures for Selection of Enlisted Personnel of the Navy and Marine Corps for Assignment to Flight Training as Naval Aviation Cadets, Class V-5, USNR.

COs are requested to encourage all enlisted men of their command who may be motivated for pilot training, to make application accordingly.

Marine Corps Memorandum No. 96-52 temporarily suspends paragraph 7066-2c, Marine Corps Manual. This Memorandum stipulates graduation from Basic School as the only active duty service prerequisite for regular officer assignment to flight training.

Navigation School

Applications are desired from aviation enlisted personnel with the following qualifications for assignment to the Aerial Navigation School conducted by Marine Training Group 20, Marine Corps Air Station, Cherry Point, North Carolina:

- a. Occupational Field 64-71.
- b. Staff Sergeant or below.

- c. GCT-100; MA or PA 100.
- d. High School graduate.
- e. Minimum of 18 months obligated service.

Applicants selected will be transferred to Marine Training Group 20 for a period of about 16 weeks for further transfer and assignment as Navigators upon successful completion of training.

Women Marines are not eligible for this training.

Dependents and Enlistments

Many inquiries have been received at Headquarters, Marine Corps, concerning marital status, number of dependents, etc., for re-enlistment in the Marine Corps and Marine Corps Reserve. Paragraph 5466-1, Marine Corps Manual as revised by Advance Change Letter No. 2 to Change No. 4, applies *only* to enlistments and re-enlistments in the Marine Corps Reserve. Paragraphs 5419-6b and d, which pertain to the re-enlistment of persons in the *regular* Marine Corps with dependents who have prior active Marine Corps service, have been suspended until further notice (Advance Change Letter No. 5 to Change No. 4, Marine Corps Manual). Accordingly, at the present time, personnel with prior active Marine Corps Service and who have dependents may re-enlist in the regular Marine Corps.

PIO Applications

It is requested that officers, especially company grade, who are interested in assignment as Public Information Officers, submit to the Commandant of the Marine Corps (Code AG), their request for such duty.

The request should include: years of active duty; amount of education, including major; a resume of business or professional experience, i.e., sales, advertising, radio, television; and a listing of any previous Marine Corps assignments as a public information officer, giving dates. **END**

THE FOURTH MARINES



Sandbag emplacements and full battle gear were used by the Fourth Marines during the "thirties."

Here they protect the boundaries of the crowded International Settlement in a war-torn Shanghai

by MSgt. Robert W. Tallent

IF THE COLORFUL history of the Fourth Regiment, U.S. Marines can be used as a forecast, the officers and men of the Corps' latest edition of the Fourth Marines are destined to see a lot of the world and carry a load of responsibility.

Even the Third Marine Division, of which the newly reactivated regiment is a part, is linked with the history of the magnificent Fourth. During the battle for Guam in War II the Fourth, as a part of the Sixth Division, teamed up with the Third Division to help secure that battered island.

The present Fourth will undoubtedly carry on in the pride and tradition which branded the globetrotting "Old Fourth." Colonel Robert O. Brown, Commanding Officer of the new regiment told his 500-man nucleus in September, "Our mission is to become combat ready. The Fourth Marines will jump into a maneuver with the rest of the division within the first month of its training schedule."

And the Fourth has been jumping into things for a good many years. The command, "Mark time, March" has seen about as much service in this



Trouble between the Japanese and Chinese roiled up again in the late 30s. Trucks pulled duty at all hours; Iron Kellys became OD

Last fall, after a long layoff, the Fourth was marching again to familiar music—brass and trumpets and the noise of a distant war



From sand-bagged gun pits in the streets of Shanghai, Marines dodged flying debris as Japanese bombs fell on the beleaguered city

outfit as a senior sergeant major's smile.

Since 1911, whenever the United States tangled with difficult situations on foreign soil, the first immediate action taken to clear them up was to establish, or send, the Fourth Marines someplace.

A grievance with China back in 1911 caused the regiment to be activated for the first time at the Mare Island Navy Yard. The first issue was resolved in short order though and the Fourth, after setting up camp at North Island, was quickly reduced to the status of a Provisional Battalion.

Three years later serious disagreement between Mexico and the United States saw the Fourth purposefully back in action. On the 16th of April, 1914, Colonel Joseph H. Pendleton assumed command of the regiment at Puget Sound, Washington. This is generally regarded as the birthplace of the Fourth Regiment of Marines.

TURN PAGE



Gun emplacements bristled along Soochow creek in '32 as hostilities reopened between the Nipponese

and Nationalists. It was the start of nine continuous years of strife for the men of the Fourth Regiment

FOURTH MARINES (cont.)

Companies for the new regiment came from the Pacific Fleet. The regiment hurriedly split into company size units and, 12 days after the regiment was officially organized, they sailed for Mexican waters. Two companies each were embarked on the USS *West Virginia*, USS *South Dakota*, and USS *Jupiter*. Although they were ready to land, after a few days of standing off the towns of Acapulco, Mazatlan and Guaymas, they returned to San Diego

and bivouaced at North Island.

Soon after this, the first and only big time public-relations venture ever undertaken by the Fourth, got underway. Part of the regiment was ordered to San Francisco to establish a model camp at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in 1915. The lush life didn't last long, it was back to the ships and "Ho for Mexico" within a couple of months. The Fourth returned to San Diego in 1916 again with dry feet after Mexico and the United States dredged up some undiscovered harmony.

The expeditionary gear had hardly been unpacked this time when orders came through sending the regiment to the Dominican Republic. Col. Pendleton loaded his traveling warriors aboard a train and they headed for New Orleans to meet the USS *Hancock*. In the middle of June, 1916, the Fourth took up the first of its many "leases" on foreign soil. Moving out from Monte Cristi, with Col. Pendleton now in command of all forces ashore, the regiment set about to capture Santiago. This city was the headquarters of General Arias. Once taken, it was believed, the revolution could be secured and peace once again restored to Santo Domingo.

On June 26th the Fourth jumped off for Santiago. After struggling through some 20 miles of rough country they ran headlong into the enemy who was set up on a high ridge controlling all the maneuverable real estate in the vicinity. Shortly after dawn the next morning the Marines took off after the enemy position supported by artillery and machine guns. After a mediocre fire fight and an enthusiastic bayonet charge by the Marines the enemy hurriedly hauled their freight. This marked the first time that Marines went into the assault supported by artillery and machine guns. The Fourth was blooded after sustaining only five casualties.

It took two more skirmishes and a startling "flying column" attack maneuver, masterminded by Col. Pendle-



Wherever Floyd Gibbons showed up there was usually trouble afoot; he visited Colonel Hooker and his regiment at Shanghai late in '32



As the Sino-Japanese war got hotter, thousands of helpless refugees stampeded to Shanghai. One of

the meanest jobs the Fourth ever had was keeping these people out of the International Settlement

ton, to convince the leaders of the revolt that the Marines were in charge. Before 1916 ended, a military government was established and there was peace of a sort in Santo Domingo.

There were troubles in spots after that, but the back of the revolt had been cracked. The Guardia Nacional Dominicana was organized with Marine officers and NCOs serving as officers in the native constabulary.

By 1924, a constitutional government went into action and the Fourth commenced its withdrawal from Santo Domingo.

The regiment's accomplishments in its eight years of service in that stricken country were summarized by Brigadier General Harry Lee's final report:

"The occupying force assumed control of a state, rife with revolution, banditry, ungoverned and mismanaged. We left a state enjoying peace, and with a loyal well-developed military force, with fine roads, many schools, a fine military hospital, and, in short, with every promise for a future of stable government under Dominican rule."

So it was back to the Marine Base, San Diego, for the Fourth after a job well done. After more than a decade of service the regiment started on its initial tour of routine Stateside training and duty. The span was a brief 18 months.

Certain lawless elements in the United States at this time had taken to looting the U.S. Mail. Rather than

run into the red, the Post Office Department requested the assistance of the Marine Corps to eliminate the problem. Orders to establish Marine guards on all U.S. Mail trains west of the Missouri River hit San Diego at 1700, October 23, 1926. By noon the following day companies and detachments of the Fourth Regiment were on their way to large and small towns throughout the western part of the country. For three months the Marines maintained constant vigil over the mails. The looting ended abruptly.

The rifles were hardly back in the racks at the new San Diego Base when the regiment received its orders for Asiatic service.

The Fourth marched into the International Settlement, Shanghai, China, March 21, 1927. It was the beginning of 14 more years of turbulent foreign service.

More than that, however, the Fourth was to become the regiment with which every Marine before World War II wanted to serve. NCOs who hadn't served at least one cruise with the Fourth in the early 30s were looked on with a sort of mild pity. It was the Fourth Marines and China station where they really made Marines in the 30s—as any two cruise Pfc would tell you. In those days they said the Fourth had the finest officers, sharpest outfit, best athletes and heartiest drinkers of any regiment in the Corps before or since.

There was a depression back in the

States and service people didn't make much money. Not so in the Fourth. The American dollar bought four times as much of anything (and more in certain cases) on China station. Pfc's were doing almost as well as bank vice presidents back home. Shanghai was boiling hot in the summer and zero cold in the winter, but company and battalion COs found ways to keep their men's minds off the heat during the duty hours and there was never too much complaining about the weather after liberty call.

It was during this period that Marines taught foreign armed forces a respect for American marksmanship. Some of the finest sea-stories about Nicaragua were developed during the bull sessions at the Privates' Club. Newly promoted Pfc Henry Farmer notified the Shanghai reading public via the *Walla Walla*, Magazine of the Fourth, that due to his attainment of rank he was retiring from all athletic activities.

Regimental personalities acquired special and sometimes startling nicknames. Even today, it isn't unusual to hear an old timer speak of the sundry activities in the old days of people with such unlikely titles as "Headspace," "Muscle-belly," "Barb-wire," and others.

The Orient was far from a vacation land; the Fourth was always on the alert for trouble. They patrolled the Yangtze, kept warring factions from trespassing on the International Settle-

TURN PAGE



For a time Japanese-U.S. Marine relations were very cordial in Shanghai's International colony.

Colonel Lyman was in charge of the Fourth in '29, Captain Matsumoto headed Shanghai Nipponese

FOURTH MARINES (cont.)

ment, and maintained a constant wary eye on the sword-rattling Japanese Army.

Trouble was frequently averted by prompt decisive action—always jumping in with both feet.

When a mob of rioting dock workers seized a fleet of lighters loaded with

Navy supplies on the Whang Poo, "B" Company, 1st Battalion, Fourth, immediately moved down river, took the situation in hand, and dispersed the troublemakers.

Incidents piled up, though, and in 1937 open hostilities broke out between the Japanese and Chinese. Only by unflinching devotion to duty were the Marines able to ride out for the next four years the waves of indiscriminate

bombings and clashes which took place around Shanghai.

The situation was becoming untenable by the middle of 1941, but the order to pack up didn't come through until November of that year. The Fourth Marines pulled out of Shanghai on the 28th and 29th of November, thus securing one of the most remarkable annals in Marine history.

The Philippines became the final overseas stop for the old Fourth. The regiment was debarked by the 2nd of December and the transports turned back to pick up the remainder of the Marines in North China. A week later the transports were captured by Japanese destroyers and five days after that the Fourth was being bombed at the Naval Base at Olongapo.

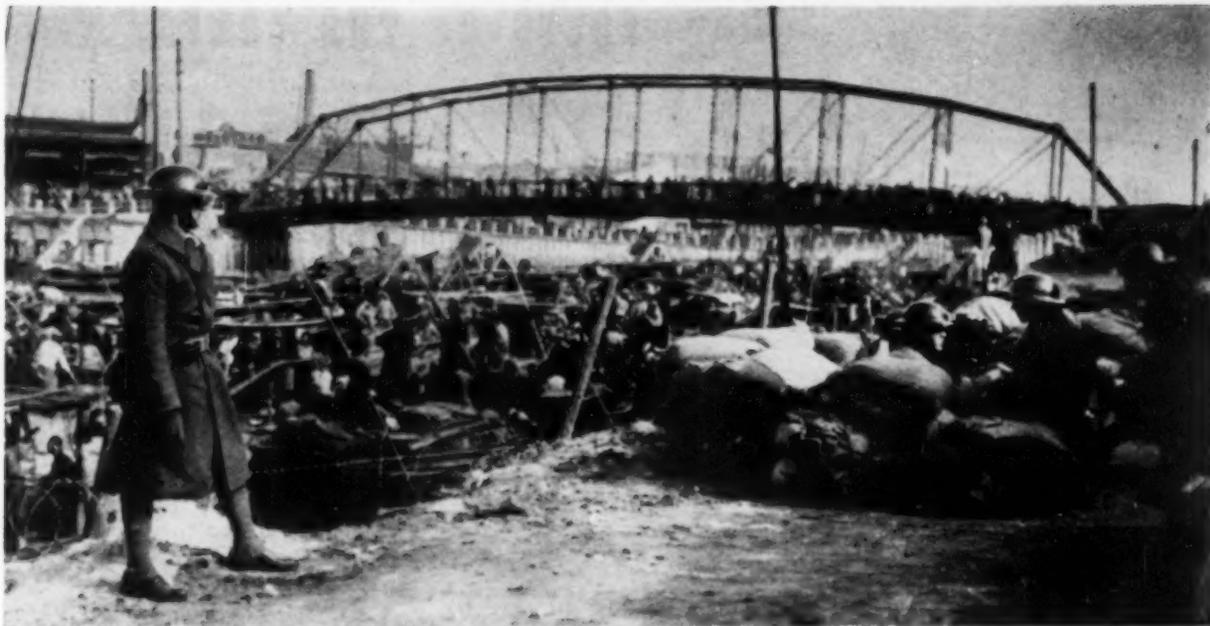
By Christmas Eve General MacArthur's thin line of forces commenced withdrawing along the peninsula, leaving Olongapo uncovered. After destroying the docks and coast defense guns and disposing of all ammunition, the Fourth started falling back to Mariaveles and then to Corregidor.

The grimmest New Year's Eve in the regiment's history followed. After regrouping, the Fourth Marines took over all U.S. Army beach defenses on Corregidor and the adjacent smaller islands.

It took the Japanese five months to breach the defense on Corregidor and even then elements of the Fourth, with their ammunition almost exhausted, were bitterly holding out when the



For many years sentries mounted post in the International Settlement, ready for action. Explosive situation reached a peak during '38-'39



The grim tide of the Sino-Japanese war lapped to the very edge of the International Settlement in

1932. Refugees poured across Soochow creek to uneasy sanctuary while Fourth Marines stood guard

order to surrender was passed. After destroying all military supplies the valiant Fourth Marines ceased to exist as a fighting force.

While the courageous stand was being made in the Philippines, alumni of the Fourth readied their counter punch. The Fourth was never finished in the hearts of Marines who had served her in happier times and it was these officers and men around whom the Corps was now expanding and mobilizing its counter thrust.

In 1942, Lieutenant Colonels Merritt A. Edson and Evans F. Carlson were directed to organize, train and command the first two Raider Battalions. These hard hitting groups were set up to spearhead landings, surprise enemy installations and carry out guerrilla activities. Two other Raider Battalions were later organized overseas. While these finely trained organizations were more than capable of carrying out their raiding tasks, (and they did in three or four instances) by 1944, it was felt that hit and run raids were not profitable enough to justify the maintenance of these battalions.

With the Guam operation in the offing it was decided to add the striking power of a Provisional Brigade to that of the Third Marine Division. The First Provisional Brigade was to consist of the Twenty-second Marine Regiment and the Raider Battalions. The four battalions, now the strength of a full regiment, were reborn as the Fourth Regiment. The old hands run-

ning the war in the Pacific hadn't forgotten; they wanted that illustrious number 4 back in the fighting lineup of Marine regiments.

The Fourth now started its march back to the Orient. They helped take Emirau Island first, then Guam. They hit the beaches of Guam the morning of July 21, 1944; after fighting off two enemy counter attacks, they launched an assault on Mt. Alifan. After 21 days

of bitter fighting the island was secured. Turning over mop-up chores to the Third Division they joined the newly formed Sixth Marine Division on Guadalcanal.

After five months of training they were ready for Okinawa. The landing took place Easter Sunday, April 1, 1945. The Fourth went ashore with the Twenty-second Marines, First Marine Division, and (continued on page 77)



War broke out right after the Fourth landed in the Philippines. The regiment marched into history as they fought Japanese on Bataan

POSTS OF THE CORPS

Damascus

دمشق

Syria

سوريا

by MSgt. Raymond J. Shafranski



THERE ARE NO CLOUDS; the air is still; the sun is hot—very hot. People come and go with the restless hustle of almost any city. There are noise and quiet, poverty and wealth, the ancient and the new. This is the fabulous city of Damascus.

There is enchantment and intrigue in this old city located in the Southwestern part of the Republic of Syria. It has retained, in its ancient quarters, an Oriental pattern, woven into a labyrinth of narrow, winding streets, bazaars, mosques and minarets.

But it's a city of contrasts. The new sector of Damascus is a fashionable residential area, crossed and recrossed by well paved avenues. The foreign missions stand on a spacious boulevard, along with the American Legation, Army and Air Attache buildings and the American Consul Building. The Prime Minister's home and the

Marines' apartment are a few minutes walk from the legation.

The eight Marines stationed here find Damascus lacking in outdoor entertainment. Some soccer fields and tennis courts are available. There is only one swimming pool at present. Softball is usually played on the weekends if and when the field is available. Fishing isn't too good but hunting is excellent. Boar, gazelle, snipe, geese, duck and hawk are hunted. During the winter, skiing is a popular sport in the Cedars of Lebanon and the Syrian mountain slopes.

The climate of Damascus is comparable to that of New Mexico or Arizona. Summer days are hot and cloudless although bearable. Winter follows about two months of Fall. The weather then turns cold and is accompanied by considerable rain averaging from 12-20 inches. Spring and Fall are the most pleasant seasons al-

though somewhat brief. Damascus lies a few degrees south of the 34th parallel or roughly on the same parallel as Charleston, S. C. and San Diego, Calif.

Liberty is fine for the sightseeing Marines but there are few adequate entertainment facilities; there is no legitimate stage, opera or ballet. There are a number of movie houses in Damascus but of these only three are patronized by American personnel. Eighty percent of the films are British and American and range from one to three years old.

There are no restaurants in Damascus which boast exceptional or exclusive service. Several night clubs are operated in pseudo-European style. Prices are high and the entertainment is poor. The local night clubs are typical Oriental and feature Arabic music, singers and dancers.

Damascus has one radio station on a 15-hour schedule. Programs are Arabic with the exception of segments in English, French and Turkish. The Marines don't understand the languages so they play records instead. Their apartment boasts a fine collection.

Cameras and photographic supplies may be purchased locally. Equipment, particularly of German make, can be purchased more cheaply in Damascus than in the United States. Black and white film is obtainable in all sizes but color film is scarce. There are some restrictions on taking pictures in Damascus; these are clarified on arrival at the post.

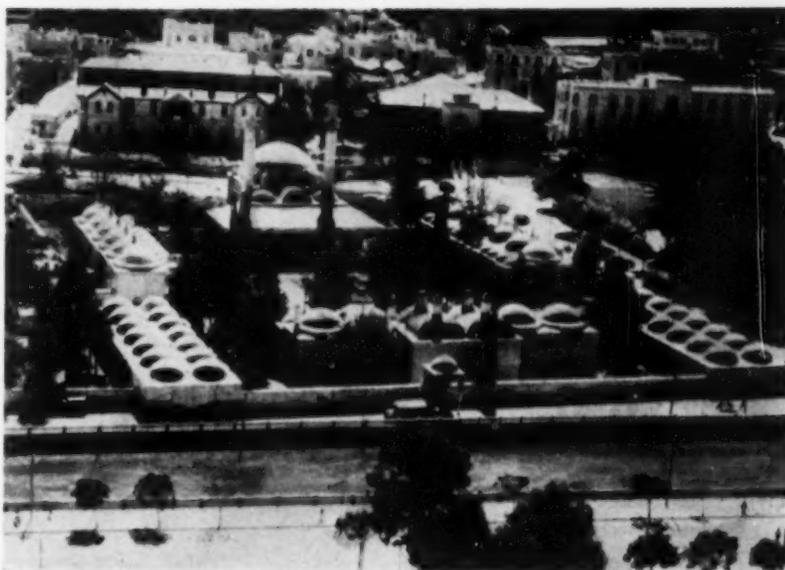
Damascus is noted for its bazaars or "Souks" as they are commonly called in Arabic. One has but to mention a name and they have a bazaar for it, for instance—a leather bazaar, a silk bazaar, a brocade bazaar, etc. Prices are reasonable except, of course, to tourists. The Marines are well known, so they are able to make purchases at local prices.

Transportation consists of the tramway, bus and taxi. Horse drawn carriages called "Gharries" are another form of taxi. For those who wish to take their time the "Gharrie" is adequate and cheaper. American cars are available but the price is high after the customs duty is added. Damascus has an airfield frequented by the British and Dutch Airlines.

Money used here is in pounds, silver siastres and half pound coins. The paper money is cheaply constructed and does not hold up well.

Visits to surrounding countries are permissible with proper visas. However, Israel is difficult to enter and leave, due to the constant conflict between the Jews and the Arabs.

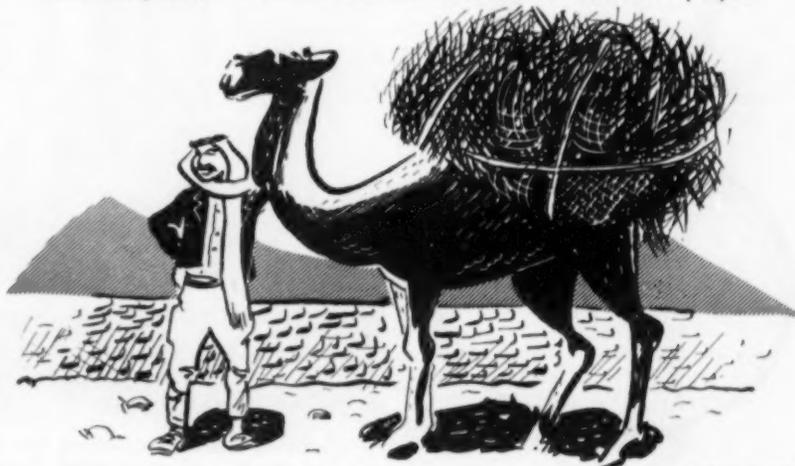
Food, clothing and miscellaneous facilities are readily available. Whiskies, Scotch, wines, gin and beer are



A famous mosque in Damascus, Syria. Within its sanctum, scholars gather in secluded rooms to study their Koran (Moslem Holy Book)



The old section of Damascus with the famous Omayyad Mosque in the foreground. From its minarets Moslems are called to prayers



TURN PAGE

DAMASCUS (cont.)

sold in almost all grocery stores. The Marines frequent a little bar known as "Freddies." He lived in Detroit and returned to his native land when his mother became ill.

Every year the Moslem Sect observe "Ramadan"—a religious season. It includes fasting with a short time out for food, drink and entertainment. The total period is 30 days. At a quarter to seven, every evening, a cannon is fired to signify the breaking of the fast. Then they drink, eat and make merry until two o'clock the following morning. Just prior to two o'clock several male members go through the streets beating instruments that sound like dishpans. This is to signify that at two o'clock the fast will start again. Of



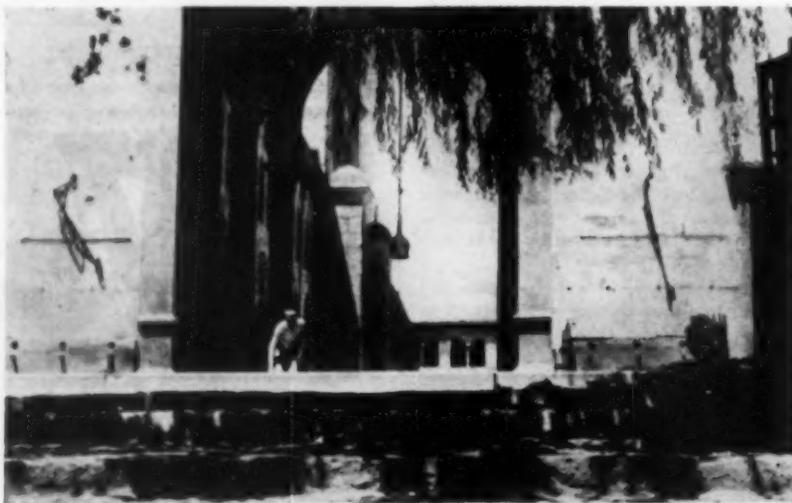
MSgt. R. Shafranski (left), author of this article, is NCOinC of the seven-man detail which guards the American Embassy in Damascus



In direct contrast to the ancient buildings of Damascus is this new hospital, noted for its architectural design and ultra-modern equipment

course, the next evening at a quarter to seven the cannon roars again and they continue the same routine. The Marines are always happy when "Ramadan" is over. Between the cannon and dishpans they barely escape the "shook" state.

But, all in all, the Marines are contented with Damascus duty. There are the usual security watches, and then, their own apartment, phonograph records and a quiet life. For the adventurous there are camels and sheiks, native bazaars and cafes with authentic Oriental entertainment including dancing gals. When liberty goes, you might be hearing these hot-to-trot Marines shouting, "Allah, be praised!" **END**



A Mosque Sanctuary where the devout Moslems pray to their Allah. The remains of many Islam Sainted Holy Men are entombed here

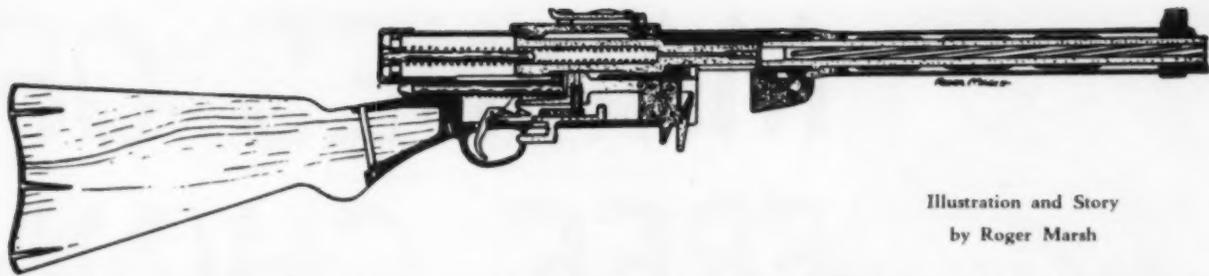


Illustration and Story
by Roger Marsh

The Suomi Pistol

THE SUOMI PISTOL was famous, in a quiet way, in various parts of Europe during the 30s, but in the United States it was crowded out of the public eye—as any movie-goer of the period will remember—by the omnipresent Thompson.

The word "Suomi" came from the Finnish name for Finland. The arm itself was a straight blowback machine-carbine usually chambered for the 9-mm. Parabellum cartridge. It was designed by A. J. Lahti, one of the true giants of modern firearms design and certainly Finland's foremost arms designer, before 1930.

The pistol was made by the Finnish state arms factory, and by the Hispano-Suiza company of Geneva, Switzerland, as their Model 43/44. It was adopted by Sweden as that country's Kulsprute-pistol 37. The arm is understood to have been made in Denmark, too, by the Danish Industry Syndicate and widely sold by that firm. The weapon, in addition to being adopted into the services of Finland and Sweden, was also used by the armed forces of Norway and Denmark.

The basic gun is illustrated in a section drawing accompanying this article. Like most modern blowback machine-carbines, it is a slam-firer, the round being stripped from the magazine into the chamber and fired by the closing bolt which is then driven back by blowback pressure. The arm fires from the open bolt position.

To operate any Suomi likely to be encountered, grasp the operating handle which protrudes to the right from the

rear end of the receiver, below the receiver cap, and pull it all the way back; this cocks the bolt. Then release the operating handle, which springs forward.

At this point it is recommended that the operator put the arm on "safe." The safety is a slide which has an arm sticking through the front of the trigger guard loop. When the slide is pushed all the way to the rear, the gun is "safe"—and the arm of the safety, just as a reminder, blocks up most of the trigger guard.

The operator then shoves a magazine into place. There are various magazines including 20, 25, 30 and 50-round boxes and 60 and 70-round drums, but all are designed to be slipped into place from below.

To fire, the operator first slides the safety forward. At halfway position the arm will fire semi-automatically; with the slide all the way forward the arm machine-fires.

The trigger carries a sort of hook attached to its front end which catches the tail of the sear. If the slide is all the way forward, the operator's pressure on the trigger through the hook hauls the sear down and holds it down while the bolt reciprocates in automatic fire.

If the safety slide is halfway back, part of the slide interferes with the front end of the hook, so that when the operator pulls the trigger, the hook pulls the sear down (releasing the bolt) and is then kicked off by the slide. The sear catches the bolt after one shot, and the operator then must release the trigger and pull it again for another

round. If, however, the slide is all the way back, the front end of the slide blocks the sear while the rear end blocks the trigger, making firing impossible.

It's interesting to note that Lahti designed the arm so that the same spring which pushes up the sear also works downward on a plunger which acts as the click plunger on the safety slide.

The arm weighs (with a loaded 50-round magazine) over 12 pounds. This may help to explain why its accuracy, even in full-auto fire, is generally reported as being very good. I have seen targets made by the Suomi at 100 and 300 meters which were genuinely surprising.

Normally the Suomi should be fired semi-auto. Rate of the standard gun was generally listed as 700-800 RPM, but the Hispano-Suiza 43/44 was rated at 1000 RPM. Maximum effectiveness, shot for shot, will normally be obtained with semi-auto fire or with very short bursts full-auto. There are times, however, when there's no substitute for the full-auto blast.

The Suomi is easily field-stripped. Disengage the receiver cap from the receiver. The bolt may then be removed to the rear. A partial turn of the small handle on the right side of the gun just ahead of the magazine opening will then permit you to turn the barrel guard and pull it and the barrel forward off the gun.

If you should ever find it necessary to disable this excellent gun, the simplest thing to do is to batter up the firing pin point on the bolt face. **END**

MARINES OF FREE CHINA

IT WAS A BIG show. The Navy had simulated shelling the "enemy-held" beach and now landing craft were popping out of the LSTs and heading for shore. One by one LVTs slid down the LST ramps, plunged into the water and made their dash for the beach.

On shore, high military and government officials watched the amphibious exercise with intense interest. Suddenly, all eyes and binoculars were turned in the direction of two of the tracked vehicles which had been damaged leaving the LSTs. Water was pouring in through gaping holes in their ramps. Troops heavily-laden with full combat gear were leaping into the water.

Amazed spectators saw the troops strike out for the beach a good 350 yards distant. Heads, arms and rifles could be seen popping in and out of the surf as the men swam toward shore. Breathlessly the observers followed the path of the swimmers. Minutes later the thoroughly drenched troops hit the beach—hit the beach running—and took up their combat positions. Every man had his rifle; his combat gear was intact. The observers had just witnessed a Hollywood-type thriller with Chinese Marines playing the stellar roles. A thriller that would not be forgotten quickly—but an everyday affair for the Chinese Marines.

The small but compact Chinese Marine Corps, founded five years ago on

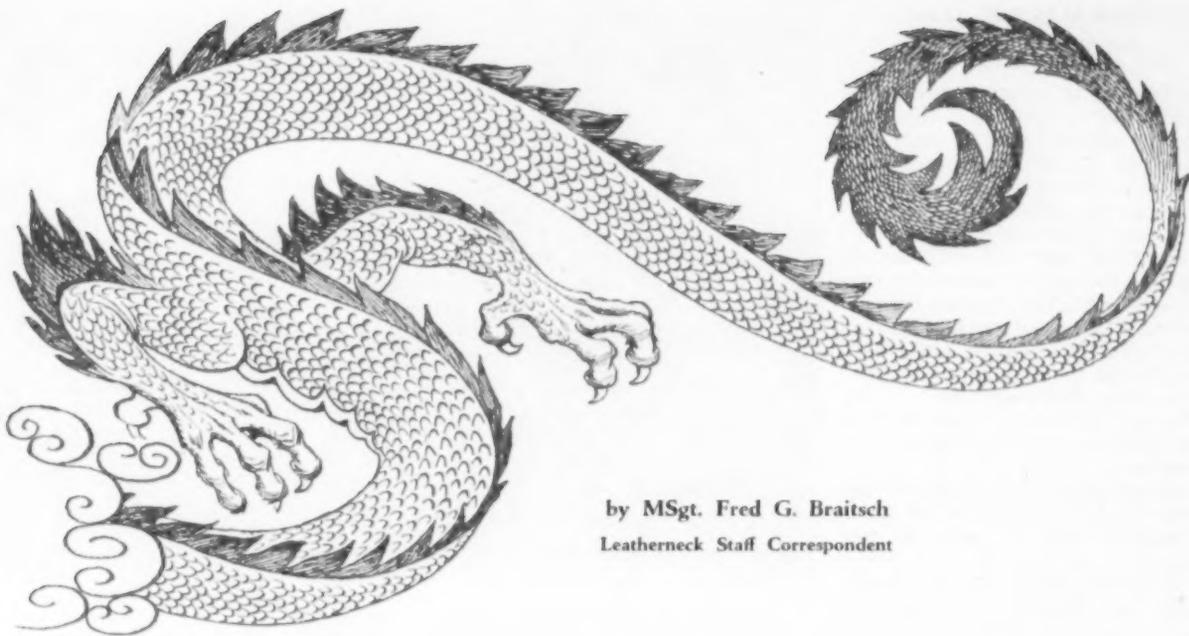


Major General Chow Yu-hwan, is Commandant of Chinese Marines. Picture, personally autographed, brings greetings to Leatherneck

Chinese Marine Corps Photo

美國陸戰隊月刊社惠存

贈教寬兩周
 令司將少隊洪陸軍海陸中
 Chow Yu-hwan.



by MSgt. Fred G. Braitsch
Leatherneck Staff Correspondent

the mainland, is making great strides toward becoming a top military unit in Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist Forces on Formosa. Boggled down by the lack of funds in the Chinese treasury, the Chinese Marine Corps got off to a slow start, but American aid and technical help have given it renewed vigor.

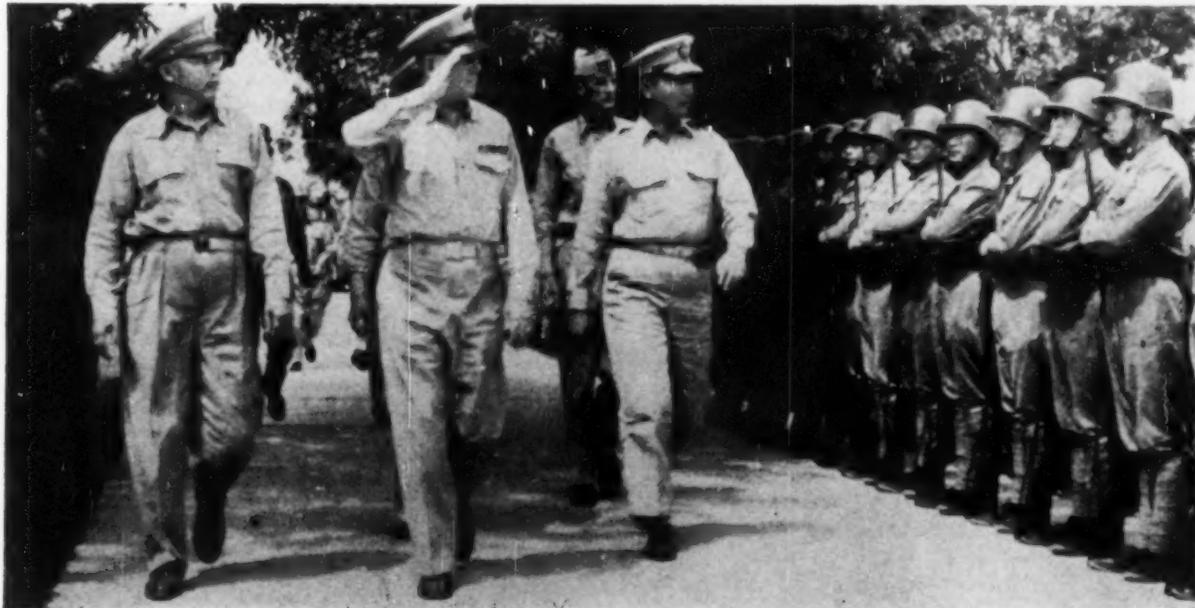
This American aid, new life blood for Free China, is being funneled into the Chinese military machine through the

Mutual Defense Assistance Program of the Mutual Security Act. An American Military Assistance Advisory Group (MAAG) administers this aid and provides the technical help. A U.S. Marine unit of the MAAG works with the Chinese Marine Corps.

When the MAAG stepped into Formosa, Chinese forces were in poor shape. Chinese equipment consisted mostly of foreign cast-offs. The Chinese Marines had 13 different types

and calibers of foreign small arms. Other military equipment was either Japanese, German or old World War II American gear that had been left on the Pacific islands at the end of the last war and sold to China as scrap. The Chinese had rejuvenated a large part of this equipment in a desperate attempt to have some sort of defense in case the Red Chinese tried an invasion of Formosa, the last stronghold of Free China.

TURN PAGE



Flanked by Chinese Marine and Naval officers, General Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr., U.S. Marine

Corps Commandant, inspects units of the Chinese Marines during a recent goodwill visit to Formosa

FREE CHINA MARINES (cont.)

The task which faced the American advisors was tremendous. Only a trickle of military supplies could be brought into Formosa for the restoration of the Chinese military machine. The Korean war was on and all American military equipment available was earmarked for that fight. Gradually the Korean war supply was brought up to strength and materials began flowing to Formosa. However, the MAAG has a long road to travel before it will accomplish its job of putting the Chinese forces on their own feet.

When the MAAG was first inaugurated, advisors were assigned to the Chinese Army, Navy and Air Force. Later a lone Marine, Major Robert B. Carney, Jr., was assigned to the Chinese Marine Corps as advisor to the Commandant. His mission was to train and equip the Chinese Marine Corps through the structure of the Mutual Defense Assistance Program of the Mutual Security Act.

Major Carney faced staggering problems. The Chinese Marine Corps had never been assigned a mission in the Chinese military set up; none of the Mutual Defense Assistance Program funds were earmarked for the Chinese Marine Corps; the Corps was organized along ancient lines, and there was a definite lack of a good sound training program. Able, efficient Major Carney, son of a high ranking naval officer, tackled the problem with traditional Marine Corps vigor.

His first job was to get the CMC a mission. It was not an easy task. He finally succeeded after months of work during which he discussed the matter

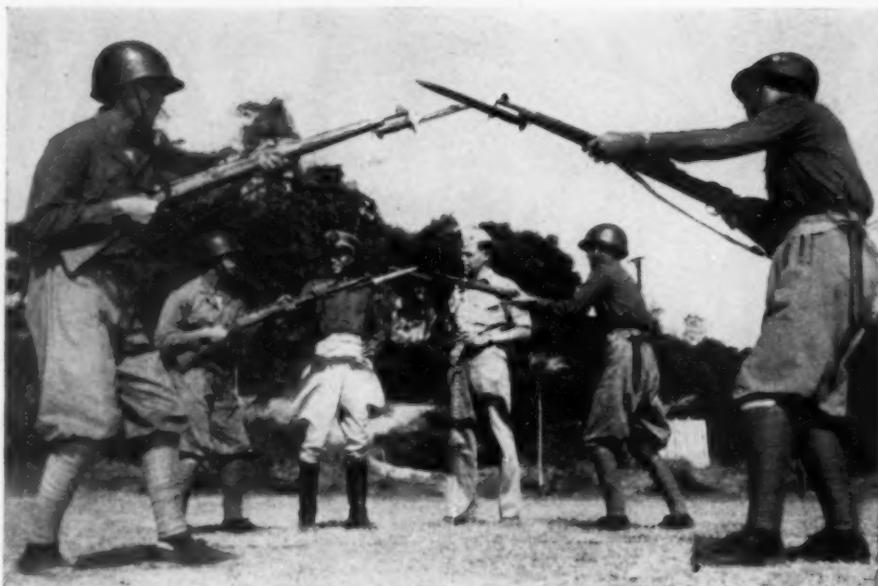


Photo by MSgt. Fred Brailach, Jr.

Bayonet practice, Chinese style, is noted by TSgt. Earl J. Payne. Payne advises battalion commander on infantry training procedures



with top ranking Chinese defense officials, including the Generalissimo. While battling for the Corps' mission, Carney was overhauling the Marine organizational structure and streamlining the training schedule. The Marines still lacked funds so Major Carney took off for Washington to get money for the Marine's war chest.

Major Carney was successful in Washington. He got money for the Chinese Marine Corps and he also obtained more advisors from the U.S. Marine Corps.

He returned to Formosa and, with money to equip the Chinese Marine Corps, he was able to go ahead with the job assigned to him. A short time later he was joined by the U.S. Marines promised by Washington. Six officers and six enlisted men, all specialists in their fields, reported ready and willing to give the major and the Chinese Marines a helping hand. Major Carney spread out his force. He fed them through the Chinese Marine units, getting men down as far as battalion level.

With this added help the job picked up speed. Now there were 13 pairs of eyes and ears observing the Chinese units and making recommendations. Tables of allowances and equipment and training schedules were compiled. From the tables of allowance Major Carney began ordering material through the Mutual Security Act. Under the act, the U.S. government would provide China with equipment and a one year supply of spare parts. After that it would be China's responsibility to maintain the equipment.



Photo by MSgt. Fred Brailach, Jr.

An officer-instructor conducts an English class for Chinese Marines. Military subjects are taught by members of U. S. Advisory Group



Photo by MSgt. Fred Braitach, Jr.

Oriental are famed for mortar accuracy. MSgt. James F. Truluck, USMC advisor, explains sight on American "tube" to Chinese Marines

The job of reorganizing the tactical and command units along modern lines went ahead rapidly. The biggest change was the introduction of the 13-man squad and fire teams. The 13-man squad appealed to the Chinese Marines who get a great deal of pleasure in showing this squad off to Army troops on Formosa.

The Marine advisors make their base of operations at Chinese Marine Corps headquarters. The men meet here every morning, talk over what progress has been made, what should be done, and then take off for their individual units. They go over their unit's daily training schedules with the unit interpreter.

They might recommend changes to the unit commander or provide training reference material; then they go into the field and observe the troops. If they spot errors they notify the unit commander and give advice on how it should be corrected. The U.S. Marines have no command function; they merely act as advisors. They can tell the unit commander what's wrong and how it should be corrected but their powers end there. The commander decides the wisdom of the advice, and if he desires, makes the changes. The Chinese are eager for help and have a great deal of respect for the advisors' professional ability. They generally make the recommended changes without hesitation.

The advisory unit has a good friend in the Chinese Marine Corps Commandant, Major General Chow Yu-hwan. Gen. Chow is eager for the help the Marine advisory unit can provide



Photo by MSgt. Fred Braitach, Jr.

A Chinese Marine recoilless rifle crew set up under a tree during training on Formosa; 57-mm. weapon was manufactured by Chinese

his Corps and assures them full cooperation from Chinese Marine units. Gen. Chow, a brilliant and capable officer, is considered by many to be one of the best commanding generals in the Chinese forces. Like all Chinese Marine officers and enlisted men, Gen. Chow is a former Army man. He has had years of experience as a combat unit commander and received four years of military training at a German army school. He makes a very able and capable commander of Marines.

The Chinese Marine Corps was founded five years ago by Admiral Kwei, then Commander-in-Chief of the Navy. Admiral Kwei, a former Army general, became interested in a Chinese Marine Corps during talks with Lieutenant General Gerald Thomas, then

Commanding General of the U.S. Sixth Marine Division at Tsingtao, China. The admiral carefully selected his officers from among the Army's best and had Army enlisted men assigned to his new Marine Corps. Gen. Chow, the present commandant, is a charter member of the Chinese Marine Corps.

The Marines have since moved ahead, picking up prestige and new officers along the way. Army officers began volunteering for duty with the Marines when the new unit seemed to be a promising outfit with much to offer. Lieutenant Colonel Y. S. Young, commander of the LVT battalion, is one of these volunteers. Col. Young had attended Chinese Army War College and U.S. Army artillery school at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, before requesting assignment with the Marines. He's been with the Marines a little over a year now and has grown to like their service better than the Army duty.

Headquarters of the Chinese Marine Corps is organized along the lines of

a U.S. Marine division with certain supporting functions added. The Marine Corps is made up of several brigades which correspond to U.S. Marine regimental combat teams and a security guard force. An artillery battalion backs up the infantry units.

The Chinese Marine Corps schools, now in the process of organizing, will soon open its doors to eager Chinese Marines. The school is being patterned after the U.S. and Korean Marine Corps Schools and will teach three courses; basic, amphibious warfare and communications. Plans call for all junior and future officers to attend. Enlisted courses are planned for the future. General Wong, former Marine Corps chief of staff, heads the school. The general, who speaks very good English and German, received a part

TURN PAGE



Photo by TSgt. Earl Payne

Chinese Marines wade ashore after LVT was damaged during landing. Troops swam 350 yards with their gear, then took up combat positions

Chinese infantryman a poor shot. The Marine advisors are hammering the Chinese with the fact that to be most effective an infantryman must make every shot count.

"Just throwing lead at an enemy isn't enough," Technical Sergeant Earl Payne tells the Chinese. "It's hitting a target with every shot that counts."

Sgt. Payne has gone to a great deal of effort to improve marksmanship in his unit. "The main reasons for their poor marksmanship," he explained, "is the lack of proper training in holding the rifle and an insufficient amount of ammunition for practice. I have yet to see a rifle butt resting properly in a Chinese shoulder."

But the Chinese infantrymen compensate, in part, for their lack in rifle marksmanship with an unusual ability with mortars.

"They have a miraculous touch for mortars," explained Master Sergeant James F. Truluck. "A mortar unit put on a demonstration for us and really showed us some unbelievable shooting."

These Chinese Marines are using 13 different caliber small arms. They range all the way from American M-1s and carbines to German Mausers. With this assortment the Chinese know plenty about weapons. Master Sergeant Percy W. Hawes remarked, "I

FREE CHINA MARINES (cont.)

of his military education in Germany.

The Marine advisors have a great deal to say in favor of the Chinese Marines. It is the consensus of these advisors that the Chinese Marines are excellent troops up to battalion level. In an encounter the Chinese can be expected to account very well for themselves. The individual Marine is in top physical condition; has very high morale; and is excellently disciplined. His average age is 26 and he's either from North China or Shanghai. Unless he's over 35 years of age or has reached the rank of major, he's single.

Marriage is controlled in the Chinese Naval service. A Sailor or Marine can't consider marriage until he reaches the rank of major or is 35 years old. When he meets these requirements and selects the girl, he seeks permission to marry from the Navy Commander-in-Chief. Twice a year the Navy chief personally conducts a mass wedding ceremony. Married men are provided a house and a small plot of ground on which to grow part of their food.

The advisors aren't too happy with Chinese rifle marksmanship. A limited amount of ammunition in the past and poor rifle coaching tend to make the



Photo by MSgt. Fred Braitch, Jr.

Chinese Marines await orders to "move out" during training exercises on Formosa. LVTs were purchased from the U. S. after WW II



Photo by MSgt. Fred Braitach, Jr.
Reluctant to survey their LVT, maintenance welds on new plate

have yet to see a Chinese with a dirty rifle. They keep all their weapons spotless."

Some of the loudest praise for the Chinese came from the two Marine advisors with the landing vehicle track battalion, Second Lieutenant Harold C. Dunham and Master Sergeant Joseph F. Peevy. Their job is to advise the LVT battalion in maintenance and tactics. "We've been able to give the Chinese help and advice in tactics but there is little we can teach them in repair work," explained Lieut. Dunham. "We've been the ones who have been picking up repair tricks."

Sgt. Peevy has been completely won over by the Chinese LVT repair men. "I've seen some repair jobs that I wouldn't have believed possible," said Peevy. "The LVTs these Chinese have are ancient. They are the first models that came out with a ramp. We used them at the beginning of the last war. The Chinese bought them as scrap on the Pacific islands after the last war and put them back into commission." Peevy scratched his head and added, "How they keep them running is beyond me. Every one of them runs. Some haven't had new spark plugs since 1949."

The LVT crews excel in surf operations. They're excellent swimmers and know how to handle tractors. During the recent ship-to-shore operation when two tractors were damaged leaving the LSTs, the drivers were able to beach their craft. The Navy Commander-in-



Photo by MSgt. Fred Braitach, Jr.
Major Robert B. Carney, head of the Marine Military Assistance Advisory Group, explains training schedule to Chinese office worker



Photo by MSgt. Fred Braitach, Jr.
Marines of the Advisory Group have been provided with good living facilities on Formosa. Members relax in lounge at Chinese hostelry



Photo by MSgt. Fred Bratsch, Jr.

Rigid training schedules keep the Chinese Marines so busy that they look forward to the days off when they can catch up on their reading

This lack of good communications is the major concern of Captain Richard F. Henderson, communications advisor. He's constantly stressing the necessity of good and quick communications during military operations. When the Chinese hit the beach they are extremely slow at setting up communications. "They often use carrier pigeons during the first phase of landing operations," says Capt. Henderson. "I've been trying to sell them the idea of laying wire immediately so that all units will be in contact with the CP."

Communications difficulties have also affected the use of close air support by Chinese forces. The Chinese Air Force provides the close air support for the Marines. It has been necessary for the Marines to call the pilots in for a thorough briefing on the ground before each problem. Then, after the pilots are completely briefed, the close air support problem goes off well.

One of the little known facts about the Chinese people is their lack of national loyalty. The Chinese have never given their allegiance to China as a nation but rather to the village or province in which they live. This system of loyalty, difficult for Americans to understand, dates back to the era of the war lords. The war lord was the sole ruler of the area and demanded complete loyalty from his subjects.

FREE CHINA MARINES (cont.)

Chief was pleased with the daring operation and granted the two drivers each a \$100 (Formosan money) bonus for saving the tractors.

The housekeeping expense of a Chinese Marine unit is extremely low. The men build their own living quarters from materials at hand and grow many of their own vegetables. Some of the mess halls keep their own pigs and feed them from left-overs. Later, the pigs are butchered. Through this type of rigid economy the Chinese Marine Corps has been able to survive when money was lacking.

One of the Chinese Marines' weakest points is communications. Part of it is due to the Chinese language barrier. The many variations in the Chinese dialect make spoken or code commands difficult to understand. The teaching of Mandarin as a basic language for the Chinese armed forces should relieve this drawback. Most of the communications equipment in the Chinese Marine Corps is American. It's the same gear that the United Nations forces in Korea are using effectively. The Chinese, however, complain that it's too heavy. They want lighter gear.



Photo by MSgt. Fred Bratsch, Jr.

Climatic conditions on Formosa enable the Chinese Marines to build their own barracks. Very light construction is required to beat heat



Photo by MSgt. Fred Bratsch, Jr.

Chinese Marines help maintain themselves by raising their own pigs. They survived when Chinese treasury was empty

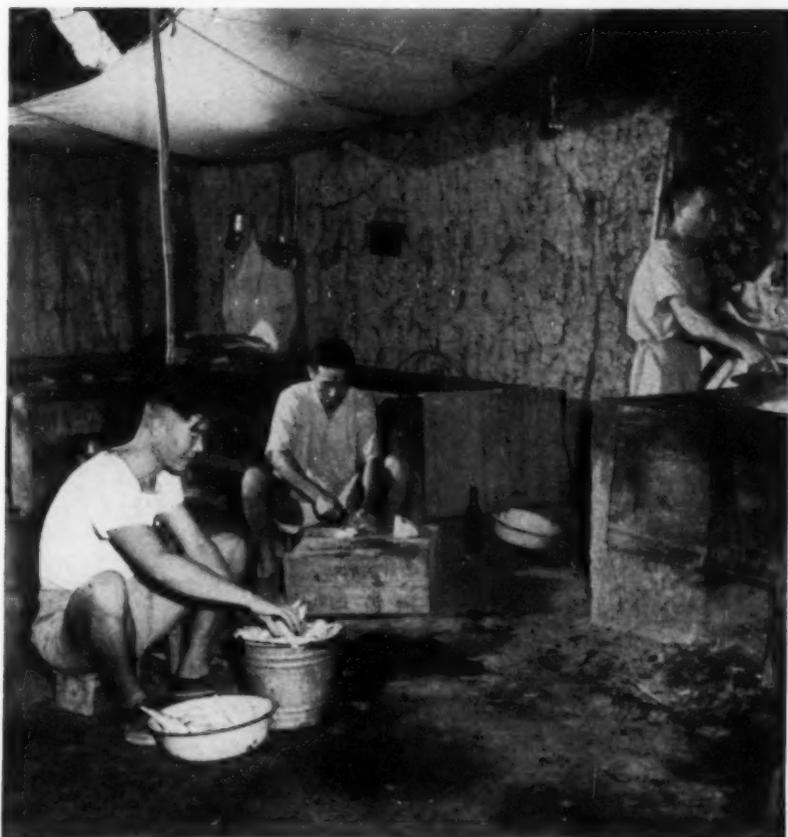


Photo by MSgt. Fred Bratsch, Jr.

Chow for these Chinese Marines is prepared in this galley. The cook (standing) stirs a pot of rice while the others cut vegetables

When the local war lords were eliminated the loyalty to the province remained. This local loyalty, it has been said, was one of the reasons the Nationalist Armies were pushed off the mainland.

The Chinese Marines hold their loyalties to the Army rather than the Navy. Since all the officers and enlisted men came from the Army they hold many ties with the land service. Most of the men are proud that they are Marines and are eager to copy the U.S. Marines. Their insignia is a globe with a map of China, an anchor and a 12-pointed Chinese sun. When worn on their collars, the insignias' anchors point inboard. The Chinese Marines are proud of the progress their Corps has made and are eager to live up to the high reputations held by the Marines of the world.

There is a growing bond of friendship between the United States and Chinese Marines because of the help Uncle Sam's Marines are providing the Chinese Corps. Marines of the Military Assistance Advisory Group are cementing this good relationship. Gen. Chow, the Chinese Marine Commandant, summed up his Corps' feelings recently when he said, "Major Carney and his advisors have done much for us. My officers and men and I appreciate it very much. We are grateful to the U.S. Marines for the help they are providing the Chinese Marine Corps." **END**

OLD TIMERS



Twenty-eight years ago Master Sergeants Edward Abrams and John R. Thek pulled duty together

at Baltimore. Now at New York City's recruiting station, their combined service time is 71 years

by Lieut. Frank Copeland
USMC

IN 1916, JOHN R. THEK, aged 15, searched for—and found—the U.S. Marine Corps Recruiting Station in the Bowery on New York's East Side. One ambition burned within him—to become a member of the nation's most vaunted military service. On March 17th, the Corps gained

the services of this ambitious recruit. Since Thek was underage for a regular enlistment, he had to content himself with an enlistment as "Apprentice in the Field of Music."

His exuberance was soon dampened but not drowned. "Discipline started at 0400, and didn't let up until taps at 2200. What's more," John continued, "we weren't even allowed to mingle with the Regular privates of the Corps!" Somehow, Thek survived the

rigors of a drummer boy undergoing "boot" training.

His first "big day" arrived finally—the day when he was to play the all-important role of the drummer who performed "ruffles and flourishes" at the command, "Sound Off." At the command of execution, young John, wishing to please even the most discriminating officer, flailed his snare drum with gusto. All went well until one drumstick escaped his perspiring

hand and sailed in the direction of the regimental commander. The officer calmly retrieved the wayward stick and summarily ordered: "Give that foul ball a broom!"

For the remainder of his boot camp days Thek was known as "Broomstick Johnny!"

Then Music Thek reported to the Marine Barracks at the Navy Yard, Mare Island, California. His first assignment was company drummer and CO's orderly for Colonel Lincoln Karmory, an assignment he survived without further nicknames.

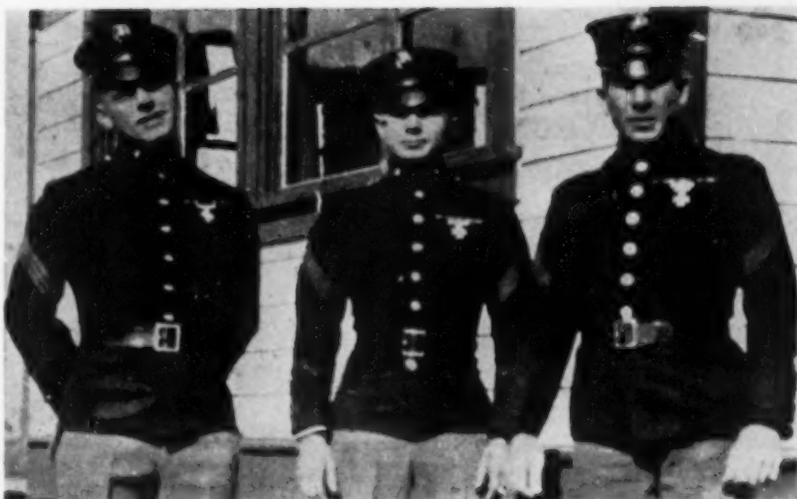
Soon thereafter, seeking to fulfill the promise of travel outlined on recruiting posters, Thek requested assignment to an Asiatic station. He arrived in Cavite in the Philippines on Christmas Day, 1916. Several months later, Thek joined the Marine Detachment aboard the old gunboat USS *Galveston*. His commanding officer was a colorful Marine of the old Corps, First Lieutenant Emile P. Moses (ret. Major General Moses.)

One day while aboard the *Galveston*, Thek was doing his regular chore of scrubbing the Naval Captain's gangway when an unfortunate accident befell him. He reached too far with his scrubbing gear and fell over the side. The officer of the deck spotted Thek and threw him a lifesaver. Once safely aboard the ship, he was given office hours and a three-day restriction for swimming without permission!

Meanwhile in St. Louis, Mo., another 16-year-old, Edward Abrams, had set his heart and head on a Marine career. In November, 1917, obeying the same urge as Thek, young Abrams volunteered for the underage enlistment of an "Apprentice Music." But instead of



When he was 15, Abrams (left) enlisted in the Canadian Army



How to entice prospective boots, circa 1924. While on recruiting duty at Baltimore, Thek (center) and Abrams met, became staunch friends



Haiti in the early 20s: Private Abrams (center) served under the late Lieutenant General Roy S. Geiger, who was then a first lieutenant

a drum, Eddie was handed a bugle. Abrams was no ordinary recruit—he had enlisted in the Canadian Army at the age of 15 and completed primary training before his father disclosed the lad's true age to the Canadian authorities. He was immediately discharged and returned to St. Louis.

While in music training at Parris Island, Abrams became more than a little homesick and requested a ten-day leave. He obtained it from his reluctant first sergeant, Heinie Hess, only after promising to learn 112 calls on the bugle within two weeks after his return. He learned them! But his platoon mates must have suffered during those two weeks of concentrated practice.

At Parris Island Abrams proved he

was not only talented with a bugle, he was mighty clever with his fists, too! Eddie's long and scrappy career in the Corps had its inception right there at the South Carolina boot camp. During his younger years in the Corps, Abrams fought 52 professional fights. He won 35 of these by knock-out, seven by decision and dropped ten by decision.

"I have never been k.o.'d inside a ring," he admits, leaving himself wide open to wise cracks about k.o.'s outside the ring. The little scrapper weighed in at 124 pounds throughout his boxing career.

Abrams got his start in Marine Corps recruiting early. In 1918, a recruiting poster depicted a huge Marine holding aloft a medicine ball with

TURN PAGE



Thek enlisted at 15 as an "Apprentice in the Field of Music." At 18, he was a bugler in Pekin, China



Abrams joined the 12th Service Command on the 'Canal in War II, took part in seizure of Okinawa

OLD TIMERS (cont.)

a smaller Marine sitting on top of the ball. That Marine atop the ball was Eddie!

After "boot" training, featherweight Abrams heard some tall tales about the shooting war in Europe. In fact, he wanted duty over there so intensely that he made the almost fatal mistake of a direct request for it to the Commandant of the Marine Corps. This went over in Washington like a concrete cloud and a pointed answer was returned via channels. A more than slightly scared Music Abrams was directed to report to Brigadier General Eli K. Cole, commander of the Recruit Depot, "on the double."

The general admonished Abrams for his lack of conformance to procedure but gave him a transfer to the European Theatre. Eddie joined the 1st Marine Aviation Group and departed for France on the USS *Dekalb*. "When we were three days out of New York," Eddie recalled, "we had a fire aboard and at the same time sighted a German sub. We had organized confusion for

awhile but soon got the situation well in hand."

When Eddie's unit landed in Brest, France, in August 1918, it was assigned an area close to an ammo dump.

Shortly after the Marines' arrival there, German planes raided the dump, scoring several direct hits. "Me scared?" said Abrams, "I thought the whole darn world had exploded! After all, I was only 16!"

Major Alfred A. Cunningham, one of the great pioneers of Marine Corps aviation, was commanding Abrams' group. The exploits of that group during World War I are a matter of legend.

When World War I had run its course, Abrams' unit was riding from Ayres to St. Nazaire; on this trip he showed his first aptitude for the Quartermaster Department. The train stopped at a small station and Eddie, feeling the acute cold, decided his "40&8" boxcar needed heat. He got some, but the way in which he procured a pot-bellied stove was not in exact accordance with existing regulations. It kept Abrams and his fellow Marines warm for the remainder of the trip. However,

the gendarmes of that French town spent many weeks looking for "a small American Marine with a slightly bent nose and a trumpet!"

Between the end of World War I and 1920, John Thek served at various stations in the Philippine Islands and at the U.S. Legation in Pekin, China. In April, 1920, he returned to the States. During his first four years in the Corps he had been unable to take even one day's leave. When asked why, he replied, "We had plenty of liberty—but no boats!"

Meanwhile, Eddie Abrams returned from Europe with his aviation unit and reported to the old Marine Flying Field, Miami, Fla. At Miami one day, a drum of aviation gas caught fire. Snatching up a fire extinguisher, Eddie moved close to put out the blaze while everyone else in the area, expecting an explosion, took cover. Everything remained quiet until Eddie boomed out the word that all hands could "Come out, come out, wherever you are!"

Soon after this incident young Abrams volunteered for duty in Haiti where he served with First Lieutenant Roy S. Geiger (the late Lieutenant

General Geiger). After serving 26 months in Haiti, Abrams again returned to the States.

Both Abrams and Thek served at various Stateside duty stations until 1923 when they were assigned to the same Recruiting Station in Baltimore, Md. There they struck up a friendship which has lasted through the years.

On a quiet day in January, 1924, after they had processed their usual one applicant for the day, Abrams and two other recruiters were looking out the window. They spotted trouble in the street below and headed in that direction immediately. Several workmen for the Consolidated Gas, Electric & Power Co., of Baltimore, Md., had been overcome by deadly monoxide gas fumes while repairing an eight-inch gas main. Abrams, with total disregard for his own safety, jumped into the hole to rescue the workmen. For this he received a letter of commendation from the then Major General Commandant, John A. Lejeune. He also received a promotion to the rank of sergeant.

Before going to Nicaragua, Thek served in New York City and Lakehurst, N. J., as a first sergeant and was a member of the famous Pittsburgh Mail Guard. Following this, he volunteered for duty in Nicaragua, where he served in the Guardia Nacional de Nicaragua with the colorful

Second Lieutenant Lewis B. "Chesty" Puller, now Brigadier General Puller.

The slack years between wars and campaigns found both Thek and Abrams inactive but still very much Marines. The yen for adventure that had stirred two 16-year-olds did not diminish with the years. They were simply waiting for more trouble. It came on December 7, 1941.

Shortly thereafter, John Thek was appointed a first lieutenant and assigned duty at Marine Corps Schools, Quantico, Va. He served as adjutant of Officers Candidate School for approximately two years and received a promotion to the rank of captain.

In October, 1944, the Sixth Marine Division, under the command of Major General Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr., (now General and Commandant of the Marine Corps) was forming. Captain Thek joined the organization on Guadalcanal and became Division Adjutant.

"I consider my tour of duty under the able leadership of General Shepherd to be one of the brightest spots of my career," said Thek with no small amount of pride.

Not to be outdone, Eddie Abrams joined the 12th Service Command on the Canal in March, 1945. Both Abrams and Thek participated in the assault and seizure of Okinawa with their respective outfits. Unfortunately for the two old friends, neither knew

the other was on the island. Once more their careers had been joined by an inexplicable series of events.

During a surprise Japanese air raid on Okinawa, Sergeant Abrams was felled simultaneously by a machine gun bullet in his right leg and a blast of concussion. He was evacuated by air and returned to the U.S. Naval Hospital, St. Albans, N. Y.

Another war had run its course for the old timers, Abrams and Thek. Both again reverted to an inactive status.

To Marines Abrams and Thek, the "call to arms" sounded again at the outbreak of hostilities in Korea. Once more they rose to meet the needs of their service and country, Thek to recruiting duty in New York City and Abrams to supply duty in Quantico, Va.

Several months ago, Master Sergeant Edward Abrams reported to the Marine Corps Recruiting Station in New York for duty. On hand to receive his orders and usher him in to the CO was his old buddy, Master Sergeant John R. Thek!

Today Thek is serving as first sergeant of one of the most important Marine Recruiting Stations in the nation. Abrams is serving as Quartermaster Chief in the same outfit. The two Marines have a combined 71 years of service in the proud tradition of the Corps they chose for a career. **END**



Bright spot in Thek's career was job as adjutant of General Shepherd's 6th Division at Okinawa.

Thek (extreme right) and Abrams participated in the battle, not knowing the other was on the island

POHANG



ORPHANAGE



by SSgt. Curtis W. Jordan

Leatherneck Staff Writer

Official USMC Photos

MARINES HAVE ALWAYS been a soft touch for children.

Everywhere Marines go they find themselves playing the role of big brother. Today, as in the past, these fighting men have softened when ragged Korean children with outstretched arms cried "chop-chop presento," the native plea for food. Homeless orphans, the tragic victims of every war, have become a sincere concern of men of the First Marine Aircraft Wing.

There are many orphanages in Korea, but the Marines have sponsored a home in Pohang with the idea of making it self supporting. Gifts of shoes, clothing and chinaware were donated by Marines and their families. At present it needs additional donations of food, clothing and money to continue operation. However, the American and

Korean ministers who direct the orphanage have planned ahead for the time when American troops will leave Korea and the orphanage will have to be self supporting.

The original board of directors consisted of Rev. William B. Lyon, an American Presbyterian missionary, Chaplain Richard D. Cleaves of MAG-33 and the Korean Presbyterian ministers of Pohang. With money raised by Marines of the First Marine Air Wing, land and a few buildings were purchased in the name of the Presbyterian Holding Body and designated as Marine Memorial Orphanage.

When Chaplain Cleaves returned to the States, Chaplain Joseph H. Parker, his relief, took over the task of building the orphanage. When the home had facilities to care for 50 orphans, the directors were faced with the choice of

additional expansion or of making the home self-sustaining. Chaplain Parker solved the problem by suggesting limited expansion of the orphanage with increased purchases of rice land. As the orphanage grows, its capacity to feed itself will grow proportionately.

Less than a year after the idea of the orphanage was conceived, Chaplain Parker received donations from Marines totaling 4,500,000 won, equal to \$750. It was used to buy more "pyongs" of rice land. A pyong is a plot of land six feet square. More than 2000 pyongs have been bought to date. Much of the food the children lived on during the winter was harvested by the older chil-



Good will, sportsmanship and fair play are stressed by the Marines as they coach Korean orphans in the universal language of baseball

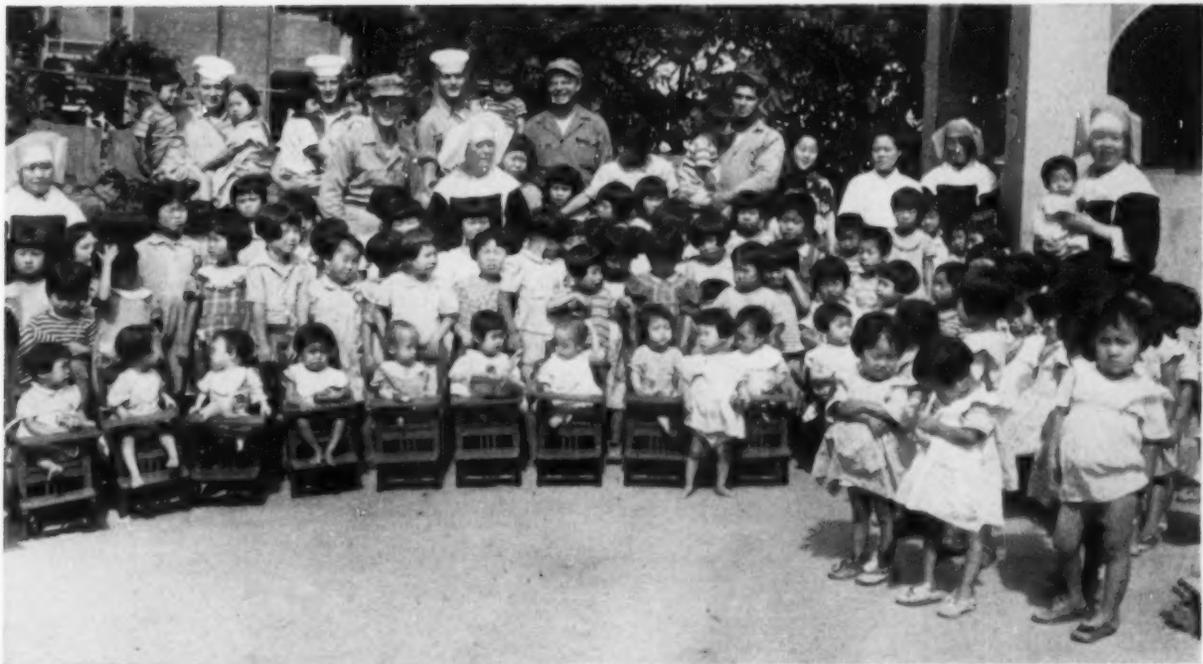


dren on their own paddies. It is hoped that enough rice will be grown to feed the children year 'round.

It all depends upon how well dona-

tions continue to flow into the project. At any rate, it's a good bet that as long as Marines are in Korea, the orphanage will not be forgotten.

END



First Marine Air Wing Marines and some of the members of their adopted "family" pose for a

group portrait. The orphanage is in dire need of money to buy additional rice land for the children

SOMETIMES



IT ADDS UP

HORSE AND RIDER moved slowly down the hairpin turns from the Calico Mesa. Red dust eddies rose in puff balls behind the trail-weary horse. As they came to the ford of a chalky river the rider reined up, and slipping from the saddle ran to the water's edge where a body lay face down in the stream. Pulling it from the water the rider turned it over and studied it. The badge of the dead man's office gleamed on the wet, shapeless vest.

"Somebody's dry-gulched the sheriff," the rider told himself, "and not for money," he added as his fingers pulled a crocodile skin wallet from inside the vest.

Gently the rider turned the body and his fingers probed the wound. "One of those old fashioned 44's . . . at about 200 yards. A modern rifle would've gone plumb through."

He let the body slump back and his fingers went under the shirt and kneaded near the collarbone; they came to rest on a ripple of hard flesh. A toad stabber knife made a small incision releasing a deformed slug. "Just

by Andrew Geer

Illustrated by
Sgt. A. J. Prizzi
Leatherneck Staff Artist

as I thought, a 44 hit him under the left shoulder blade, struck a bone and ranged upwards." He dropped the bullet into the shirt pocket; then he opened the wallet.

The breath whistled through his teeth as he read the identification card.

"Tom Jackson . . ." he said quietly. "From knee high to saddle tall, the old man told me about you. He never forgot you."

Washing his hands in the stream, the rider straightened the limbs of the dead man, smoothed out the rattailed mustache and closed the eyes.

"I'm in a hurry, Tom, but I'll add up your account and see that it's paid in full."

The rider mounted. Turning his horse up the gentle bank of the river, he spotted a clump of manzanita. He eyed the distance; he felt the wind.

Behind the manzanita he found the surface unmarked and deceptively smooth save for a family of agitated red ants and the arthritic stride marks of a stilt-walking tarantula.

Squatting on his heels, he peered through the brush. "A good field of fire to the ford, and he improved it by flattening the grama grass here and there, he even used a fork for a rest."

Red dust rose in a cloud and drifted free as he fanned the area behind the manzanita with his wide brimmed hat. As the dust drifted away it left marks in the sunbaked clay beneath. Careful fingers emptied two small holes, one slightly ahead of the other and about three feet apart.

"Mr. Dry-Gulcher dug holes for his toes as well as his elbows. He wasn't aiming to miss." He nodded in agreement with himself. "The gent I'm looking for is five ten or eleven. A cool jasper. Once he made his shot he covered his ambush, and walking backwards, filled his tracks as he backed out."

Leading his horse, the rider moved

TURN PAGE



SOMETIMES IT ADDS UP (cont.)

in ever widening circles about the manzanita. Three hundred yards out he came on boot tracks that led to a cut made by the run-off of spring water. At the bottom of the cut he found where a horse had been tied to a stunted bay tree.

"A long wait. Two droppings and the pony ate everything in reach of his tie rope . . . and no slobbering as a horse does with a bit in his mouth. Mr. Bushwhacker wouldn't likely take off the bridle and slow up a quick getaway. I'd say he rides with a hackamore . . . a young horse and impatient, who got tired of waiting and rolled." Leaning over, he studied etchings in the packed earth. "Like as not, I'll find a little red dust worked into the carvings on the rosadero of a Spanish rig saddle."

He shook his head. "This is adding up so easy, it's plain loco. Our Dry Gulcher probably figured the night wind and grazing cattle would cover the rest of his tracks." Casting about, he plucked several coarse black hairs from the tree. "A dark bay horse with a black mane and tail rubbed his neck on this tree."

Foot by foot, he covered the area. "A grain fed bay horse shod all around, and head-shy. A blind man could see where the tie rope bit into the tree and the marks where the iron shoes skidded as the horse reared back when Mr. Killer came hustling up for a quick getaway."

He mounted and followed the trail from the cut. It led him into gullies and swales, and several times, on the hard pan, he lost it and had to cast in circles to regain it. No matter how devious the trail, it paralleled the river and finally led to a belly-deep ford. The opposite bank showed no fresh tracks.

"Of course, he wouldn't go straight across. The dead man is downstream . . . it's natural he'd go upstream."

A quarter of a mile upstream fresh tracks showed on a moist bank. "Howdy ho! Look-it what our friend left behind him. His colt is pigeon-toed on the off-front foot." Leaning from the saddle, he studied the spoor in the sand. "And he had thrush in his pigeon-toed foot not so many weeks back, and he lost a part of his frog before he got cured of it."

At the top of the river bank the rider paused. "Horses get thrush from standing in dirty stalls; they get head-jerky from lashings across the face. This horse had thrush and is head-shy. That would say Mr. Killer is shiftless and mean."

The calicos were a fantastic lavender nestling in their own shadows as the trail made another wide circle and finally headed into Cowtown from the north. The trail lost itself two miles out when it joined a general melange of tracks. At the end of the lone street he came on a grove of cottonwoods flanking a clapboard schoolhouse

He breathed deeply of the cool shade. "If this wasn't urgent," he told the horse, "we'd hang around a spell and rest here." He pulled up before the lone saloon. There were six horses at the tie rack; a cherry roan, an ewe-necked buckskin, and four bays. Two of the bays wore hackamores, but neither had a gun boot in the saddle.

"Most likely there isn't a man within ten days' ride who'd own up to having a 44." As he dismounted, he let his eyes run down the line of fly-twitching feet. Both hackamored horses were shod all around . . . the one slightly pigeon-toed in his off-front foot. The saddle on the bay was an old Spanish rig with carvings on the rosadero.

"Little horse, you're practically an old friend of mine."

He moved down the rack until he stood in front of the animal, and eyed the street. Across and down, a droop-hatted rider sat in front of the general store, whittling. A scrawny, yellow-haired woman with a yowling infant in her arms opened the screen door at the whittler's back with a kick and sidled through. Further down a bearded, dirty prospector drove his burro into the public stable with a peeling sign over the door: "Curley Wren, Horses for Hire by Day or Week." On the near side of the stable was a faded candy stick sign of a barber shop. Cowtown showed no other signs of life.

He faced the horse and brought his hand up sharply. "So, I'm right, even to the saddle." He quieted the colt with soft words and a softer hand, and leaned over to place his nose close to its mane. "Bay rum! Either you been to a barber shop or you rubbed against that bay tree."

The stirrup length on the Spanish rig saddle was right for the size man he was looking for. The leather tie thongs, front and rear of the left stirrup fender were curled like pigtailed from recently untied knots.

"When your boss man left the cut he had a rifle in a boot; now he hasn't a rifle or a boot, but I think I know where they are . . . in the river between the upper ford and where you came out. I wasn't adding things proper, or I would've thought of that."

As he mounted the steps of the saloon veranda he settled his six-guns down around his thighs and shoved through the swinging doors. In one sweeping glance he covered the gloomy room.

The bar, ornate and old, was on his right, with three green, felt-covered tables in the belly of the room to his left. Five men were playing poker at the center table. There was sawdust on the floor and within easy range all around were tarnished, gorge-lipped spittoons.

At the bar was a runty, wasp-waisted rider with salty halfmoons of sweat under the arms of his ragged blue shirt. His hair was a black skull cap of tight kinks and he was perched on the brass footrail like a nervous bird. Even with that aid to his height, the top of the bar caught him at the second button of his shirt. If names fit a man, the rider thought, this would be Curley Wren. Behind the bar was a tall, bald-domed man with a pocked and lined face that showed the ravages of age, whiskey and cynicism.

As the rider moved toward the bar only one man at the poker table looked his way. He was young with a nose that had been broken two or three times, and he wore a cowskin vest with the red and white hair on the outside. Cowskin Vest was leaning back in his chair, lighting a cigarette, while the other four sat hunched over their cards as though a cold wind were whipping their backs.

Edging up to the bar, the rider slid a silver dollar onto the polished surface. Bald Dome nodded and placed a bottle, a shot glass, and a chaser of water in front of him.

The rider tossed off his drink and drained the water slowly. Six horses out front, seven men inside. He could scratch Bald Dome from the list. Bald Dome had been watching the antics of man across the polished booze strip for so long he probably was convinced no human in the world was worth shooting. Curley was out, too. He couldn't possibly fit the marks behind the manzanita.

Pouring a second drink, he turned his back on it to watch the five men at the poker table. One was the killer. He'd sit in on the game and begin adding. When he had the total in nice round figures, he'd close out the account.

On Cowskin Vest's right was a haggard, professional gambling man in a black coat, shoestring bow tie and greasy sideburns dripping down his shallow cheeks. As the rider licked his smoke into shape he placed Cards to the rear of the list of suspects. Cards would not be above killing a man, but by his very profession he would study the odds, and the odds were against anyone killing a man of the law.

Seated on the Card's right was a shaky-handed, red-beard who kept a large glass handy in the table's scup-

SOMETIMES IT ADDS UP (cont.)

per. The glass was long to prevent slobbering over when he lifted it for a drink, which he did often. But Red Beard wasn't drunk, the rider decided . . . the palsy was disease rather than alcohol. Red Beard also had a continual tremor to his head; not so pronounced as his hands, but enough to give the impression that he was in secret accord with himself on all matters.

With those shakes, the rider decided, Red Beard couldn't hit the floor with his hat, let alone hit a man at 200 yards. Red Beard was out.

Next to Red Beard was Flop Hat . . . a big man, long waisted and bulging. He was sitting in half profile to the bar and showed a sagging stubble-covered jaw, a thick neck, and heavy wrists. Flop Hat could have done it, but he would have had to hunch himself to fit into the marks, and a man didn't hunch up while waiting a long time for a shot. Besides, a man the size of Flop Hat wouldn't fit into the stirrups on the bay horse out front, unless he rode short hauled like an Englishman. Flop Hat couldn't be eliminated entirely, but he was a slim choice.

As the rider came to this decision, the man on Flop Hat's right tossed in his hand, and shoving his chair back, rose to go to the bar for a drink. He was of medium size with legs so bowed a hog could run through them without touching a bristle. His clothes were old, sun faded, and the red dust of the area was ground into the fabric. Bow Legs tossed off a drink, poured a second glass to the brim, and returned to the table without spilling a drop.

Bow Legs fit for size, to a T; he was a cool, hard customer, and the six-gun he wore on his right thigh tied down with a rawhide cord wasn't for show.

Turning to the bar, the rider tossed off his waiting drink. "Open game?" he asked Bald Dome.

Bald Dome nodded.

Circling the table, the rider pulled a chair from a vacant table and placed it between Bow Legs and Cowskin Vest.

"Mind if I sit in?" he asked.

"Sure, come in an' get your feet wet," Flop Hat told him and curled his heavy upper lip away from stained teeth.

The rider settled in the chair and spread out a thin roll of bills. He anchored them with a shallow stake of silver dollars. Flop Hat was a two-gun man, as was Cowskin Vest; Red Beard was unarmed, and Cards . . . from the bulge under his black coat, wore a shoulder weapon. A button was missing from his white shirt front to allow

swift passage of his hand to his armpit.

It was a treat to watch Cards deal. Each card came off the pack crisp and clean, and a flick of the wrist dropped it in place. The rider leaned over and squinted at his hole card, lifted his eyes and studied Cowskin Vest. Fresh haircut and the smell of tonic from the barber shop was still on him. No red dust on Cowskin's vest, but it was unlikely he'd wear such a sign-post on a killing, anyway.

Red Beard drew high card, bet two dollars, and took a shaky-handed drink in one motion. Under his scraggly beard the flesh was loose hanging and pasty. His lower eyelids hung down sore and red like a dog's with distemper, but the eyes were keen and clear.

Bow Legs won the hand and Cowskin Vest took the deal. The rider stayed for three cards before dropping out. It built into a good pot and Cards won it with a pair of aces over



Flop Hat's kings. Flop Hat cursed to himself, ordered a drink with Bald Dome and went on fretting his silver dollars. He was an edgy player, checking his hole card after every draw, moving his fingers about, and leaning forward to squint at the other cards showing.

Bow Legs was a cool, silent player. The only time he spoke was to raise, call or stay. Red Beard played a game as jerky as his hands and Cowskin Vest was a plunger who bet as wildly on nothing as he did a full house. Cards was the kind of player a professional has to be to make a living at it and stay alive. On the rider's deal he changed the game to draw and won with a full house over Flop Hat's three aces. Flop Hat growled and clanged his silver.

Bow Legs took the deal and spun the cards out in stud. The rider settled back, watching carefully for any sign that might indicate who belonged to the head-shy bay at the tie rack. The

hand came to the last card with Flop Hat showing a pair of kings to Cards's four diamonds. Flop Hat checked. Cards, smiling thinly, bet twenty. Flop Hat grunted, checked his hole card, shifted his gaze to the four diamonds. His eyes were feral as he folded his hand and tossed it in.

"The art of this game," Cards said softly as he pulled in the money, "is to know when and when not."

The deep creases forking Flop Hat's nose went white, "You're a superior—" With an effort he stopped and began to shuffle the deck.

As Flop Hat dealt, the rider watched him and he felt a tingling at the base of his spine when he saw a red ant crawl from the open neck of his shirt to the jawline.

"Your bet," Flop Hat rasped at Cards as his hand came up to wipe the ant off his face.

The man who had lain for hours behind the manzanita must have been fretted by the ants. The rider cast up accounts again hurriedly. A violent temper, a red ant, and dust soiled clothes. But they weren't the clincher. The rider worried the question as he tossed in his hand.

Cards won again over Flop Hat with jacks back-to-back. Flop Hat scooped up the pack and threw them at the bar. Bald Dome put a new deck on the table. Red Beard's fingers fumbled over the new cards. He shuffled them slowly. He belched as though he enjoyed it and passed over the deck for a cut by Flop Hat and made ready to deal.

"Draw," he said, cocking his head at the sound of pounding feet on the boardwalk. Through the doorway burst a stringy, young rider with a crowd at his back.

"Sheriff Tom's beer killed!" he yelled. "What'd you say?" Flop Hat yelled back, jumping up.

"Down by the lower ford—" Newcomers spilled into the room and along the bar. Bald Dome whisked out glasses and began pouring drinks. In a moment the room became filled with the ugly vibrations of men shouting and cursing.

The kid rider was talking breathlessly, excitedly. Men milled about him asking questions. Curley was jumping up and down on the bar rail like a bantam rooster.

"What're you trying to do," Bald Dome howled, "ruin my brass rail? Stop jumping!"

"Shot in the back—"

Red Beard splashed the cards down in a jumble and went to the bar, his head nodding. Cowskin Vest and Bow Legs left the table in a scramble and joined the mob milling about the Kid. Cards sorted (continued on page 77)

THE HOOK



Commie squatters occupied a strategic ridge on the western front. They were a Red thorn in the Marines' main line of resistance

by SSgt. Curtis W. Jordan
Leatherneck Staff Writer

LATE LAST October when Fall winds signaled the approach of the third winter of the Korean conflict, Marines of the First Division battled the Reds for possession of a section of the western front known as "The Hook." It was a scene of savage hand-to-hand combat where steel flashed in the cold October sun and grenades popped in a lethal duel.

Hook Ridge—The Hook—had been under continual Marine observation. There was growing evidence of Chinese activity and build-up on this

strategic ridge which faced the Marine main line of resistance. Eviction proceedings were in order. Plans were made, the word was passed, and a complete company of Marines assembled at the base of The Hook to await orders to move out. In the face of a numerically superior enemy, the Marines jumped off for the assault only to be met with a blanket of incoming Red artillery and mortar fire. Above the whining shrapnel could be heard 800 screaming, bugle-blowing Chinese Communists. Armor vested Marines hugged the dirt in hastily dug trenches for a few minutes, then drove forward to serve the eviction notice.

During the bloody battle for pos-

session of The Hook, ammunition carriers moving forward often had to stand aside on the narrow sloping ridge trail to make room for wounded comrades being evacuated by litter bearers to rear aid stations.

Soon, the battle which had begun under a hail of Red fire turned into a hand-to-hand duel of bayonets, fists, clubs and knives. The Marines had moved in for the kill and the complete rout of the Red build-up was inevitable. Segments of Chinese, who a few hours before, had arrogantly accepted the Marines' challenge, now fled in wild disorder. Others were glad to surrender. The Red eviction from The Hook was complete.



Official USMC Photo

The company of Marines selected to evict Commie squatters from strategic "Hook," assembled at its base for last minute dope and orders to move out



Official USMC Photo

Armor vested Marines had to hit the deck after they jumped off on their assault. Later, they stormed through a heavy Red barrage and mopped up



Official USMC Photo

Ammunition carriers stand aside for litter bearers who are returning a wounded Marine from "The Hook." Fierce in-fighting routed the Chinese



Official USMC Photo

After "The Hook" was secured, the Marines relaxed. Uppermost in their minds was the fact that many of their buddies would never make "rotation"



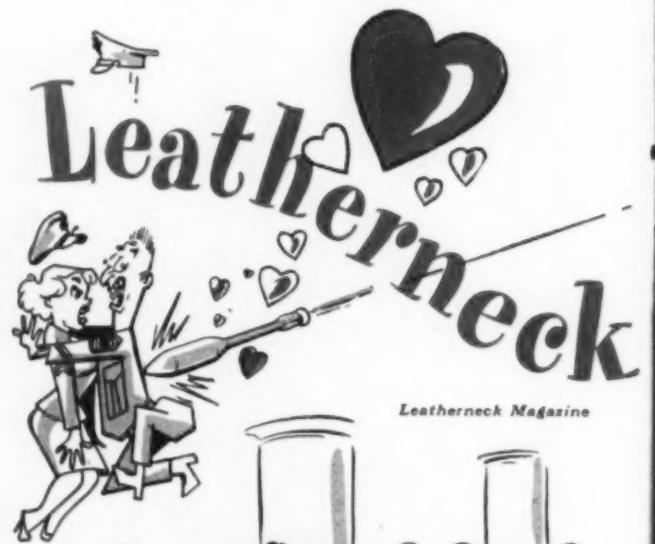
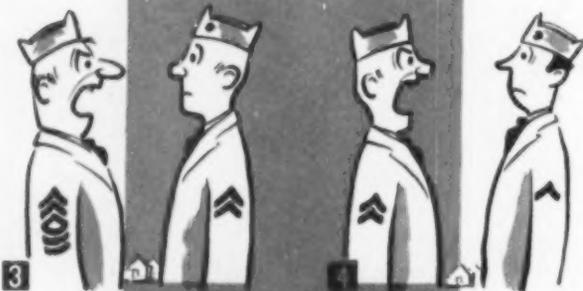
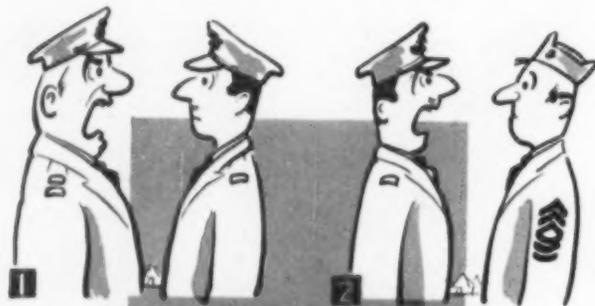
END



"But you said today for sure!"



"... and this one I picked up in San Juan!"



"Naval surgeon! My, how you doctors do specialize these days!"



J. Keenan



BOOTH

"Well, happy Valentine Day, Sarge!"



"Oink!"

Laffs



Leatherneck Magazine

HUDDLESTON

"One thing we got to concede to them, they're tricky fighters, all right!"



"Why is it, Bowen, that each time you cut in, I keep seeing the weekend guard roster—with your name on it!"



GYRENE GYNGLES



Have You

Have you ever tramped with men in
the rain,
With an aching back and feet in pain,
For hours on end with no rest in sight
In the dismal soak, and the fury of night?

Have you watched as a plane made its
strike,
Felt what the trembling, exploding
ground was like
As rockets and napalm plunged through
space
Carrying destruction at a furious pace?

Have you ever seen men charging a hill,
They move ever upward, through to the
kill
Their objective to take regardless of cost,
With thoughts of victory, to be won—
not lost.

Have you lain in a foxhole in the dead

of the night
Watching and waiting, and shaking with
fright
The darkness is grim, it holds many fears
For you and your buddies; the hours
seem like years.

If you haven't seen strife as the cannons
thundered,
Bodies piled high because someone
blundered
If you haven't stood on the steps of hell's
door,
Then give thanks to your God, because
you haven't known war.

by Corp. Charles E. Brookfield

The Seventh Marines

From the deadly hills at Wonju-ri
To the padded wastes by the China Sea

The Seventh Marines have hewn a path
And bathed the Red in a fiery bath.

They lived on beer and old chocolate
bars
And slept uncovered beneath the stars
They chased Commies through mine and
shell
Over hills the Devil wouldn't have in
hell.

The colonel, the captains, mess sergeants
and all
Unlimbered their weapons and carried
the ball.
In all the history of war it seems,
There's no finer regiment than the
Seventh Marines.

You may sing of Hannibal's wonderful
deed
Or gasp at those who followed the lead
Of Caesar and Ghengis—all men of
means
But none the equal of the Seventh
Marines.

When the Corps hears its final Adjutant's
Call
And marches to Heaven on that billowy
mall
There'll be grizzled old veterans and
boys in their teens
In Heaven's Honor Guard—The Seventh
Marines.

by 1st Lt. George G. Flood

My Competition

I have some competition
That is mighty bold, you see;
Old Uncle Sam is trying
To take you away from me.

He gets a little closer,
Every day out of the year,
And every day, I seem to have
A little bit more fear.

If you should have to go away
And leave me here at home,
I think I'd cry most every night,
I'd be so all alone.

I'd write to you just every day,
So I wouldn't be so blue.
No matter where you are, My Dear,
My heart will be with you.

Every moment of the day
I'd be true to just my guy.
When people ask me "How come?"
To them, I would reply,

"Although my sweetheart's far away,
We'll never be apart;
I'm still with him, as always,
Deep down in my heart.

For he's the one I really love
And care the whole world for,
And just as long as he loves me,
How could I ask for more?"

And so, please do not worry,
And don't be sad or blue;
No matter where you are, Sweetheart,
I'll always be with you.

by Miss Beverly Hurd

LEATHERNECK RIFLE AWARDS

ANNUAL WINNERS



First Award

MSgt. John A. Fowler outshot all other entrants with a top score of 242, the same mark with which he won the First Quarter Grand Prize. Fowler serves as a Rifle Marksmanship Instructor at MCRDep, Parris Island. He was a member of the Marine Corps championship team that won the 1952 National Trophy Pistol Team Match at San Francisco. Fowler will receive a Lyman Scope (Challenger 4X), a Gold Medal, \$100 check and a certificate.

Second Award

TSgt. Raymond R. Richard, a veteran of 13 years in the Corps, took the Second Place Annual Award with a score of 241. This shooting also won for him the Third Quarter Grand Prize. Richard is Post Armorer at MB, Norfolk. He won the Bronze Star for helping destroy an enemy machine gun nest in Korea. Second Prize consists of a Silver Medal, \$100 check and a certificate.



Third Award

Pfc Gerald D. Murphree fired a 240 while he was a recruit at San Diego last June 6. This took Second Quarter Grand Prize and placed him third on the Annual Awards. Murphree is now serving as an administrative clerk at MCDS, Barstow, California. He was inducted into the Corps on April 17, 1952, at Dallas, Texas. Third prize consists of a bronze medal, \$100. check and a certificate.



Here are the three winners of the Annual *Leatherneck* Awards for Rifle Marksmanship. This marks the end of a year's competition by Marines throughout the Corps for prizes given by *Leatherneck*.

The thousands of entries which were received have encouraged the Editors of the *Leatherneck* Magazine not only to continue, but to expand the program.

TURN PAGE

4th Qtr. Leatherneck Rifle Winners



Grand Prize Winner

Winchester Rifle, Gold Medal and \$50.
CORP. RONALD SCHIER — 239
Weapons Training Battalion
Marine Corps Recruit Depot
Parris Island, S. C.

Second Prize Winner

Silver Medal and \$50.
SGT. BUFORD C. SWANSON — 239
HqCo HqBn
Marine Barracks
Camp Pendleton, Calif.



Third Prize Winner

Bronze Medal and \$50.
PVT. RICHARD L. ROMBACH — 238
Plt. 493, 2nd RecTrngBn
Marine Corps Recruit Depot
Parris Island, S. C.



**HERE ARE THE WINNERS OF THE OTHER AWARDS IN THE FOURTH QUARTERLY
LEATHERNECK RIFLE COMPETITION**

IN ADDITION TO THESE PRIZES, ALL WINNERS RECEIVED
A FREE SUBSCRIPTION TO THE LEATHERNECK.

STAFF NCOs-5GTS

CORPORALS

PFCs-PVTS

RECRUITS

WINNERS OF GOLD MEDAL AND \$30 IN CASH

236 Sgt W. P. Tilton
10th Mar, Camp Lejeune

237 D. P. Balgo
MCRDep, Parris Island

238 Pfc W. B. Allman
MCRDep, Parris Island

234 K. A. Hanson
MCRDep, San Diego

WINNERS OF SILVER MEDAL AND \$15 IN CASH

236 TSgt P. Barton
MCRDep, Parris Island

235 D. P. Kohn
2d Mar Div, Camp Lejeune

235 Pfc S. S. Coltrane
MCRDep, Parris Island

234 B. J. Cotton
MCRDep, San Diego

WINNERS OF BRONZE MEDAL AND \$15 IN CASH

237 MSgt R. D. Cook
9th Engr Co, Phoenix

235 H. B. Clantz
SMS-2, Cherry Point

235 Pfc R. W. Hilliard
MCRDep, San Diego

234 R. R. Smith
MCRDep, San Diego

WINNERS OF BRONZE MEDALS

236 SSgt P. S. Martin
MCDS, San Francisco

234 A. R. Dicario
FMP, Camp Lejeune

233 Pfc C. W. Gochring
MCRDep, Parris Island

233 S. F. Dick
MCRDep, San Diego

235 TSgt J. T. Nichols
MCRDep, San Diego

233 R. A. Dell
TTU, San Diego

233 Pfc M. D. Swanson
MD, USS St. Paul

233 R. C. Levit
MCRDep, San Diego

235 MSgt A. E. Fisher
MCRDep, Parris Island

233 F. D. Johnson
2d SPBn, Camp Lejeune

231 Pfc F. M. Wessling
MD, USS St. Paul

233 W. D. Phillips
MCRDep, San Diego

WINNERS OF LEATHERNECK CERTIFICATES

235 SSgt O. A. McKinley
3rd Mar, Camp Pendleton

233 J. E. Smith
MCRDep, Parris Island

231 Pfc V. A. Fatta
MCRDep, Parris Island

233 J. H. Eldridge
MCRDep, San Diego

234 TSgt R. B. Argo
2d OrdBn, Camp Lejeune

233 N. C. Kopp
MCSD, Camp Lejeune

231 Pfc V. L. Hardy
MD, USS Philippine Sea

232 D. R. Beaman
MCRDep, San Diego

234 TSgt H. H. Boldridge
1st 105 HowBn, Richmond

232 N. H. Monford
MD, USS Philippine Sea

231 Pfc D. L. Duke
MB, Navy 126

232 A. M. Nicholas
MCRDep, Parris Island

234 Sgt T. A. Proszski
2d Tank Bn, Camp Lejeune

232 J. H. Davis
MCAS, Cherry Point

230 Pfc R. W. Deads
MCRDep, Parris Island

232 D. E. Anderson
MCRDep, San Diego

234 TSgt R. B. Neal
MCDS, Barstow

222 J. T. Alworth
2d AAA, Camp Lejeune

230 Pfc G. A. Atmus, Jr.
RR Det, Camp Lejeune

231 J. A. McDonald
MCRDep, Parris Island

233 TSgt D. A. Badgett, Jr.
MCDS, Barstow

231 B. L. Warren, Jr.
MD, USS Shangri La

229 Pfc A. W. Mullins
2d EngrBn, Camp Lejeune

231 J. A. Walsh
MCRDep, San Diego

233 Sgt B. Martin
MCRDep, San Diego

231 J. W. Hoffman, Jr.
6th Mar, Camp Lejeune

228 Pfc R. F. Pelf
MCRDep, San Diego

231 F. E. Fieldhouse
MCRDep, Parris Island

233 Sgt T. M. James
T&R, Camp Delmar

230 J. I. Marks
3d SigBn, Camp Lejeune

228 Pfc W. Merkel
MCS, Quantico

230 L. G. Imhoff
MCRDep, San Diego

233 Sgt J. W. Depits
1st InfTrngBn, Camp Pendleton

220 L. F. Schletter
MCRDep, San Diego

228 Pfc J. G. Leonard
MD, Norfolk

230 E. C. Parnell
MCRDep, San Diego

233 MSgt R. R. Harvey
2d 90 MM AAA, Camp Lejeune

220 R. W. Lehmann
MCRDep, Parris Island

228 Pvt C. F. Sharp
MB, Bromerton

230 D. J. Sylvester, Jr.
MCRDep, Parris Island

END

Frontline Fashion



There's the face—Pfc Wilfred Martin! Now it's the coolie fashion. Where's the rickshaw, boy?

INDIVIDUAL TASTES and eccentricities have a new project in the recently issued parkas; the cold weather garment is designed with a built-in wire for shaping the hood. Just as the campaign hat, seagoing barracks cap and gung ho cap were battered and bent with originality, so the parka may get its own weird treatment.

Pfc Wilfred E. Martin received his hood while with a front line rifle company. His variations, shown in the photographs, are interesting but not whole-heartedly recommended.

Lieut. Herbert Hart

Who am I? This design baffles both friend and foe, enables shy type to walk around incognito

A Marine models new hood on Parka Avenue, Korea



Pfc Martin looks coy with hood over helmet



For that tired arm. Salute only what you see



Upsweep "does something" (?) for Pfc Martin



Hotheads go for this; it's easy to flip your lid



"Veronica Lake" style for one-eyed Marines



"Old Salt Look" pleads the cause for rotation

by Leonard Riblett

AVIATION, which has safely passed the once-feared sonic barrier, is banging its planes and brains against a strange new wall, a wall they call the "heat barrier."

Scientists and engineers are wailing the blues of incredible speeds and scorching heat, of friction induced temperatures so great that after 15 minutes of such heat the ordinary aluminum alloy plane of today would weaken, buckle and literally fall apart.

At 67,000 feet—a mere 12 miles up—the point is reached when blood boils in a human body unless adequate artificial pressurization is provided. Although men have flown higher than the blood boiling 67,000 feet, and they have flown faster than the searing speeds which, if sustained, would in minutes cause a plane to tear itself into shreds, these bursts of blinding speeds have been measured in seconds only.

Sustained flight beyond the heat barrier is not possible now. It may not be possible for another five or ten years.

What is this heat barrier? Where is it reached?

The barrier, so called, is that point where high temperatures, which in part are the result of friction of the atmosphere against the plane's outer surfaces as it rams through the air at great speed, dangerously weaken the materials of which a plane is made.

At sea level, where speed of sound is



760 miles per hour, the heat barrier is reached at near 900 mph.

Seven miles up, where speed of sound is only 670 mph, the heat barrier closes in at 1250 miles per hour.

What happens is a transformation of the kinetic energy of the moving body into heat energy. As the speed of the plane is doubled, the ram temperature is increased fourfold.

The engineers who whipped the problem of the sonic barrier are hard at work on this new problem. But they face a vastly different and more challenging problem today. They beat the sound barrier with a new design, discovering that new shapes for the plane and the wing were the answer to slipping through speed of sound. These engineers, who now dream of speeds five times faster than that of sound, are calling for the help of metallurgists and refrigeration experts.

Increased temperatures have not been excessive in present aircraft flying from 500 to 800 mph. But with speeds presently obtainable, and those sought, new materials will be required.

There must be new, but not heavier, materials for the outside of the plane,

so that the "skin" and structural members will not lose their strength and collapse under extreme heat.

Stainless steel would do it. But steel is too heavy, and what good is a plane if you can't get it off the ground?

Titanium has great possibilities, having the weight of aluminum and the resistance to heat near that of stainless steel. Titanium, however, has been a disappointment to those who eagerly called it the "glamour metal" of aviation's future. It is expensive stuff, this titanium, even though it is the fourth most abundant structural metal in the earth's crust. Titanium alloys, at present, cost about \$20 a pound delivered. But there are reasonable hopes that the price can be lowered to \$6 per pound within the next year or so.

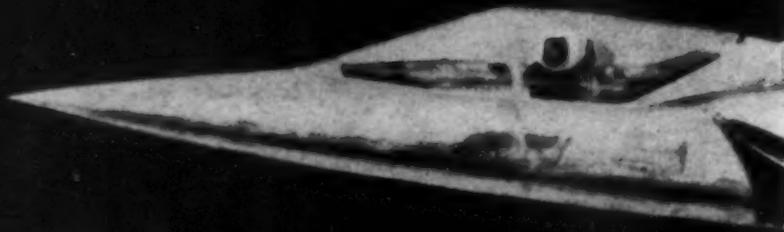
And then there is glass.

Yes, glass. The stuff they wrap around your favorite beer.

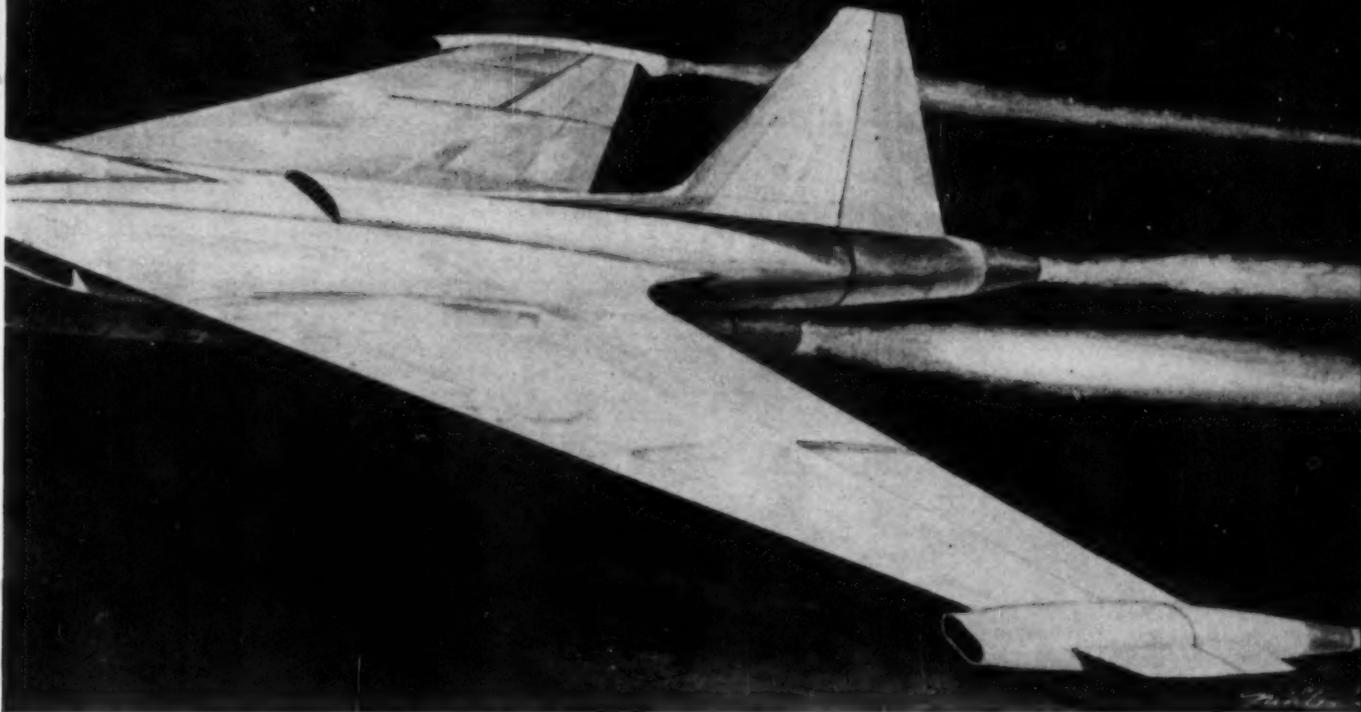
Thomas E. Piper, director of materials and process engineering for Northrop Aircraft, in Hawthorne, California, thinks this may be the answer to the problem of new materials for future high speed airplanes.

The British, who pioneered in jet

FLYING



G GLASS



aircraft, seem to think so, too, because they expect to flight test a set of glass-plastic wings that airframe manufacturers there have fabricated.

Piper envisions a plane with glass wings, glass ailerons, glass stabilizers and an all glass fuselage. Furthermore, it is just possible that it will be put together with glass rivets and supported by titanium and stainless steel structural members.

The plane, which would be easier to make and cost far less than present aircraft, would be designed for a top speed of 2000 miles per hour. But to reach that speed it would have to have a new type power plant, one lubricated with a dry, heat-resistant powder, and burn a fuel with a lower vapor density than any fuel known today.

In Northrop's F-89 Scorpion, a near speed of sound craft, there has been no noticeable rise of fuel temperature during flight. But at two or three times the speed of sound the hydrocarbon fuels now in use would boil.

And about those glass rivets, mentioned earlier, Piper says, conservatively, that they are "still a trifle farther away than just around the

corner." In tests so far at Northrop they have proved unsatisfactory. Titanium rivets seem to be the best bet at present. The glass they use will not, of course, be the same glass they put in mirrors.

Glass-plastic laminates, he says, offer considerable promise of giving good service at high speeds. Won't crack, either. For woven glass fabric can be laminated with present temperature resistant materials, and the result is a substance with considerable strength and the ability to maintain that strength at temperatures up to 500 degrees.

This material has other advantages, too. Under heat some metals expand faster than others. Not so with glass. In a plane made of glass-plastic, expansion due to heat would be equal in all parts.

Another important advantage would be that the plane's outside surface would be much smoother, with rivets, screws and skin points eliminated. Smoother surfaces mean less friction. And the goal of designers is a surface more perfect than the smoothness of the finest furniture available.

With such material it is conceivable that a plane could be molded in four or five basic molds, with only a few skilled workers required to do the job.

Think what this would mean to production time—and the taxpayers' money.

Now look at the problems of ultra sonic speeds from the standpoint of the pilot. From HIS standpoint, incidentally, somebody had better start solving the problems or there won't be any pilots.

Today many planes have special refrigerating equipment designed to maintain comfortable conditions for their crews.

And for good reason.

For all practical purposes the limit of human endurance is 100 degrees Fahrenheit at 50 percent humidity. This is a figure set after exhaustive tests by the Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics.

The Air Force has what it calls Summer Day figures where sea level temperature is taken at 100 degrees Fahrenheit. This Summer Day temperature decreases with altitude up to 46,500 feet, after which it is assumed to remain constant.

TURN PAGE

FLYING GLASS (cont.)

Now, as pointed out before, the plane's skin temperatures are increased at high speeds because of friction. At sea level speed of sound, 760 mph, skin temperature increase is about 88 degrees. Inside the plane, therefore, a thermometer would register 188 degrees. That is why it is important to cool the interior of airplanes.

This is the problem, once over lightly, of pilots who are just poking about on the safe side of the heat barrier. What will happen once they pass the other side of that barrier?

At 1300 miles per hour the heat due to friction reaches 260 degrees, about the temperature at which you would cook a tough roast in a slow oven.

At 2600 miles per hour the temperature goes to slightly more than a thousand degrees. And should you think these figures unrealistic, the Germans recorded surface temperatures of 1500 degrees on the V-2 rocket.

And because someone is sure to ask—and *Leatherneck* likes to have the answers ready—the average meteor entering the earth's atmosphere at a speed of 20 miles per second generates a friction temperature of 5432 degrees.

But, here on earth, where they are learning to insulate against heat, experiments have shown that human body temperature in air temperatures of 200 degrees and better does not go much beyond 100 degrees. This is because the body automatically tries to cool itself, perspiration creating a cooler layer of air around the body.

Men have remained for many minutes in special rooms heated to 250 degrees Fahrenheit, which is 38 degrees above the boiling point of water. But the strain is withering. Sustained heat will kill, will cause irreversible circulation disturbances and, presumably heart failure.

Come to think of it, that fox hole isn't such a bad place after all.

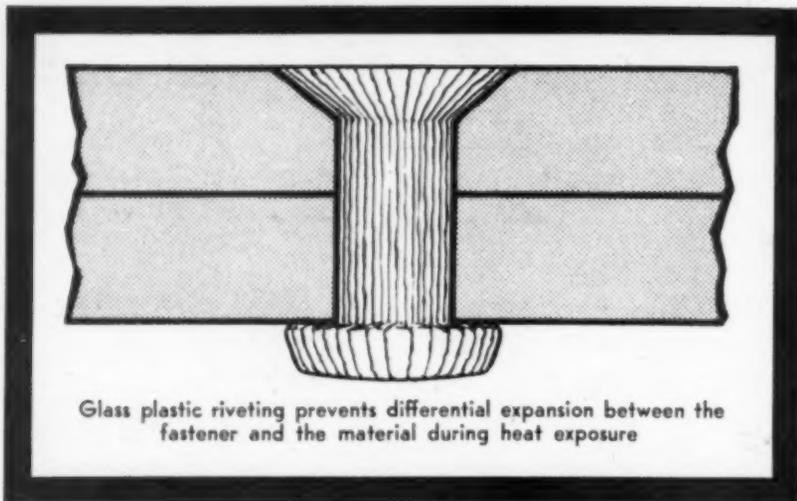
Take the ear, for example.

In a fox hole the ear might get a nick, or might get a touch of frost bite.

Up in that far sky, however, as a precaution against extreme heat, the ears will have to have a special covering. The ear, it seems, is one part of a man's body that does not sweat, hence it can't protect itself. Without special protection the ear would burn.

So, these are some of the problems, and some of the answers, now keeping the scientists occupied.

While many components of current military aircraft are made from glass fiber laminates, there is no immediate plan for producing an entire plane of such material.



Glass plastic riveting prevents differential expansion between the fastener and the material during heat exposure

Piper does say, however, that glass, fabric laminate is the best material yet known for the aircraft of 1957.

Which gives some idea of how far ahead the engineers and scientists are looking. And some key to their present thoughts.

There are scientists who think the real engineering obstacle to space flight is man himself, that we have reached the point where engineering skills have passed man's ability to dominate the machine he builds.

Engineers with the United States guided missile program have reached infinite space—250 miles up—with a two-stage rocket. Here the second stage, or flight, begins when fuel from the first rocket is expended. A three stage rocket is in the making.

Dr. Konrad Buettner, a German rocket and space medicine expert now on the faculty of the University of California at Los Angeles, says that science now knows enough about the mechanics of space travel to send a three-stage rocket a thousand miles into space, where it could swing endlessly in an orbit as a satellite of the earth.

He thinks this could be done with materials and power sources now available.

Then the problem comes back, again, to the men who some day will try to make such a flight.

First, there is the problem of the heat barrier.

Conquer this, and there remain the questions of air supply, of lethal cosmic rays, of possible collision with meteorites.

To say nothing of the mental hazard in an awesome sensation called weightlessness.

Once in space, far beyond the gravitational pull of earth, everything will be without weight.

"The sensation," Dr. Buettner says,

"will be like the feeling one gets in a rapidly descending elevator.

"Space men will feel they are falling, but will not be able to determine in what direction they are falling. This sensation may finally drive them out of their minds."

Then there is the problem of eating. Dishes set down in mid-air would remain there. The act of raising a glass of water to take a drink would result in a face full of water even though you stopped raising the glass. The water would start up and it would keep on going up because there would be nothing to stop it.

These problems have simple answers, of course. Special eating utensils would be held in place in compartments. Instead of drinking glasses, sealed containers from which liquids could be drawn through straws would possibly be used.

Here's something else to think about:

On earth, we poor groundlings take for granted the fact that hot air rises. In a condition of weightlessness, however, it won't. Air expelled by a sleeping man would hang over his head, possibly suffocating him unless he awakens.

But again, these are minor problems.

In a space ship at an altitude of a thousand miles, man could circle the earth in two hours.

Up there he could gain new knowledge of the mysteries of the stars, study sun spot disturbances, possibly predict the weather for six months in advance, might find the answers to the basic structure of matter.

These are only a few of the rich rewards to be found by the first men into space.

Any volunteers?

"Put another pair of heels on these boondockers, Mac, I'm going to do a lot of walking. Down here." **END**

TINKHAM'S FOLLY



by Oscar Gupton

TINKHAM WAS A hammer mechanic. To hear him tell it, he could fix anything from a watch to a locomotive, and all with the same set of tools.

But in spite of the riding Tinkham took from the section, he was a pretty sharp demolitions man. Tinkham's favorite pastime was improving the explosive materials issued by the Marine Corps.

Along toward the end of a hill-taking episode, our outfit was set up in a more or less permanent position. Tinkham, a machine gunner named Kelly, and I were resting comfortably in an elaborate bunker with a roof of logs and sandbags.

Now Kelly was skeptical of Tinkham's knowledge of explosives—

even when Tinkham quoted from the book.

One night was unusually quiet. Most of the Commies' big batteries had been knocked out, and only a few scattered "one lung Charlies" or single guns remained. The only noise was an occasional burst of distant small arms fire.

Kelly was completely absorbed in a three-month-old funny paper, and I was watching Tinkham tear a hand grenade apart.

"You know what?" Tinkham began, "them Reds has been throwin' our grenades back at us, and it's gettin' downright embarrassin'. I'm just gonna' cut this fuse down so they don't have time to pick 'em up after they're thrown."

Kelly cleared his throat loudly and peeped over the top of his

funny paper cautiously, as though it might offer some measure of protection should his worst fears be realized. "That's kinda' risky, ain't it Tinkham? I've hearda' guys havin' 'em go off in their hands."

"Nah, not a chance, yuh see, the way I'm cuttin' 'em, why . . ."

Tinkham never got a chance to finish. One of the "one-lung Charlies" laid a shell almost directly in our hole.

After my head stopped spinning; I could make out Tinkham climbing out from under a pile of sandbags and looking around at the mess.

After a long minute Kelly, still clutching a scrap of funny paper, slowly pulled himself from beneath the debris, stared around glass-eyed, and muttered, "Damned clever, Tinkham, damned clever." **END**

dateline... *Korea*



Photo by MSgt. H. B. Wells

General Hoyt S. Vandenberg, Air Force Chief of Staff, delivers a package to Pfc Nicholas G. Baldwin of Marine Recon Co. in Korea

Very Special Delivery

Pfc Nicholas G. Baldwin of the First Marine Division's Reconnaissance Company received a Christmas package from his parents by very special delivery. It was air mail, too.

General Hoyt Vandenberg, Air Force

Chief of Staff, had met the youth's parents on an earlier trip to Florence, Italy, where Mr. Baldwin is a mechanical engineer for an Italian automobile firm. The Baldwins, learning of the general's intended visit to Korea, asked him to take the package to their Marine son. The general willingly agreed.

Edited by
SSgt. John P. McConnell
Leatherneck Staff

Pfc Baldwin knew nothing of these arrangements. When Gen. Vandenberg got to Korea, the Marine was summoned and received the well wishes of the general along with the package.

He was pleasantly shook.

MSgt. H. B. Wells

Daring Desjardins

A reinforced squad holding an outpost in front of the 1st Battalion, Fifth Marines' trench lines may well owe their lives to Pfc Albert J. Desjardins.

The 17 Marines were subjected to mortar fire daily. In the beginning the rounds were landing a safe distance away. But as the Reds zeroed in, the shells began tearing up Marine fox-holes.

Hastily-made aerial photos showed the enemy had dug mortar emplacements a few hundred yards away from, but out of sight of the outpost.

Desjardins, a forward observer for an 81-mm. mortar crew, volunteered to spot the enemy positions. He got the OK and headed into Red territory with a rifleman.

While his rifleman dueled with Chinese snipers less than 100 yards away, Desjardins threw himself in a hole and radioed back to the Marine 81s. A trio of four-round volleys were thrown at the enemy positions before Desjardins was satisfied that the enemy mortars had been knocked out.

As the two Marines raced back to friendly lines, a Chinese 57-mm. recoilless gun fired point blank at them. Both men fell inside their own lines,

Desjardins, knocked out and suffering from concussion, and his rifleman torn with shell fragments.

The next day Desjardins returned to the outpost from a rear area hospital. The 17 grateful men told him the news:

The outpost hadn't been shelled since Desjardins pulled his raid.

SSgt. M. L. Jones
PIO, 1st MarDiv

Double Features Too?

Popcorn has invaded Korea!

Two thousand pounds of the stuff arrived at a forward Marine air base and Special Services got the job of popping it.

Biggest demand is just before the nightly movie.

PIO, FMAW

Dixieland In Korea

First Division Marines got their fill of Dixieland jazz recently when the famed Snub Mosely and his troupe took the boards in Korea.

Snub and his jazzmen were scheduled for an hour show; Marines kept them playing twice that long with encores. Two of the popular request numbers were "Amen" and "Pretty-Eyed Baby," which Mosely composed. When the bitter cold fouled up the instruments, they were forced to bring down the curtain.

Alberta Hunter, popular blues singer, received one of the biggest ovations with her version of "Basin Street."

During the show there was a 15-minute power shortage. However, this didn't hold up the performance; more than 300 Marines turned their flashlights on the entertainers.

MSgt. H. B. Wells

True Lover

Corporal Romeo Casanova of the First Marine Air Wing gets mail from women by the bag full!

His buddies in the "Wolfraiders" squadron were baffled at his popularity with women in the States until his secret was uncovered.

He was caught in the act of mimeographing the same letter to more than 50 girls.

"It's a good trick if you can get away with it; and so far I have," said the corporal.

NOTE: The name of the corporal in this story has been purposely changed in order to avoid embarrassment, hair-pulling and possibly bloodshed.

PIO, FMAW

Heavy Hobby

Corporal Louis Italiano has a 200-pound hobby. It makes other Marines,

who curse the weight of normal packs and ammunition, shudder.

When Italiano moves, his hobby goes with him. His avocation is weight lifting.

PIO, 1st MarDiv

Recruiting Aids

The Korean Service Corps is a proud organization and their tasks are grueling.

They build bunkers on OPs and deliver water and rations on the front lines. In the rear areas they load trucks.

Their self-pride is rivaled only by their love for the United States Marine Corps.

At the KSC camp main gate is a weather-beaten sign portraying a Ma-

raider attack bomber of the "Wolfraiders" squadron has paid for itself many times over in destruction to the enemy. And she's still going strong.

The plane has completed 332 combat missions with a total of 1500 flight hours. Estimated damage inflicted by Sukoshi Jane and the millions of pounds of bombs she dropped, puts the number of enemy killed and wounded in the thousands. Destroyed enemy bunkers, mortars and artillery runs into the hundreds.

The Skyraider is designed to carry a 9000-pound payload and is the biggest single-engine Marine plane in operation.

PIO, FMAW

The Tankers

Riflemen of "C" Company, 1st Battal-

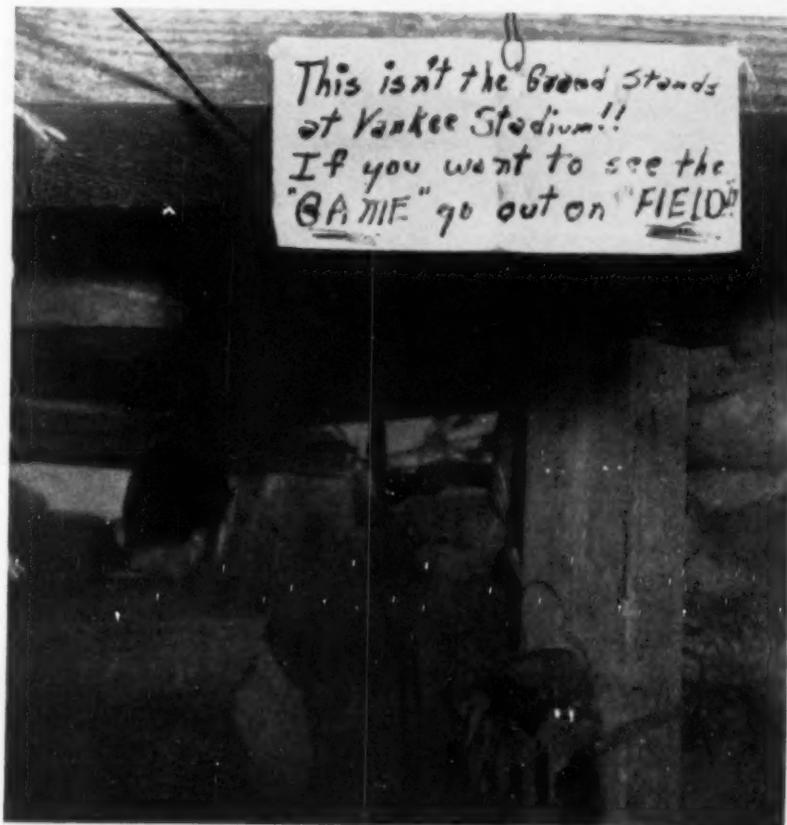


Photo by MSgt. J. F. Gallows

Forward observer with grim sense of humor put up sign in bunker overlooking Bunker Hill after shelter was hit by Red 120-mm. mortar

rine color guard in dress blues. It bears the slogan, "So proudly we serve—Join the U. S. Marine Corps."

PIO, 1st MarDiv

Sukoshi Jane

"Sukoshi Jane," a Douglas AD Sky-

ion, Fifth Marines recently got a welcome disappointment.

This is how it happened.

For months the company's supporting tank platoon had built up a reputation for being impregnable. Repeated missions forward of the front lines without casualties and the cocky

TURN PAGE



Photo by MSgt. J. F. Galloway
 Drummer George Dodds of the Black Watch Drum and Pipe Corps dances "Highland Fling" in Korea for First Marine Division audience



Official USMC Photo
 Corporals Miro K. Ivaska, Ted A. Long, Louis S. Gutierrez and Sergeant Lloyd V. Brocaille lift bomb with new bar-and-hook device

DATELINE . . . KOREA (cont.)

boasting of the tankmen had irked the infantrymen.

There came the day, however, when a tank limped noisily back to its own lines, crippled by a direct hit from an enemy 105-mm. pack howitzer.

As the vehicle ground to a halt, the driver, Corporal Leon L. Blankenship, squirmed from his hatch and called for a crowbar. Slightly incredulous riflemen quickly gathered.

While tankmen frantically tried to pry the badly crushed turret hatch open, word spread that one of the "unhurtable" tank gunners had been wounded and was sealed inside.

Finally the hatch was pried open. After a few breathless seconds, a head popped out and peered down at the expectant crowd.

"There I was," gunner Corporal Lee M. Benischek chirped to his audience, "standing in the turret when the 105 hit. Didn't get a scratch. Now, I've been telling you ground-pounders that we tankers . . ."

The riflemen moved away muttering such phrases as "charmed lives," "braggarts," and "lucky so-and-so."

SSgt. M. L. Jones
 PIO, 1st MarDiv

Change In SOP

Test firing weapons each day used to be SOP with a certain Marine rifle company in Korea. This came to a screeching halt recently and for a good reason.

A BAR man poked his head out of the trench one morning and let loose with 20 rounds. In return he received a barrage of small arms fire and a counted 121 rounds of 61-mm. mortar.

Now they figure there's no sense in asking for trouble when so much comes their way naturally.

Lt. Herb Hart
 1st MarDiv

Close

In an attack on an enemy position, Corporal Laird B. Hunter heard a machine gunner shouting for more ammunition. He saw a full box nearby and took it to the gunner.

As he raced back to his position, Hunter stopped short. Where he had been lying a few minutes before, corpsmen were huddled over a wounded man—the man who had shared Hunter's position.

PIO, 1st MarDiv

Wistful Thinking

A favorite pastime of "short timers" in Korea is to sit around and ask each other how many days it'll be before

they are rotated back to the States. Technical Sergeant Jim Eveland wistfully listened to one of these conversations—he had been in Korea less than a month. Finally he shook his head sadly and murmured, "I wonder if my replacement has enlisted yet."

PIO, 1st MarDiv

Wrong-Way Corbin

In the middle of a vicious battle for a Marine outpost, Pfc Millard T. Corbin was told to take an ambulance jeep out to evacuate wounded.

When he arrived at the forward aid station, he thought an officer waved him on to the outpost itself.

Corbin hit the gas and smoked into the outpost. He made the trip four times. On the last jaunt, Chinese mortars chased him down the road.

After he was waved back after that trip, the officer explained to Corbin that he had meant that he wanted him to go to the outpost on foot.

"Besides," the officer added, "you drove that vehicle four times through a mine field. You're a lucky man."

Corbin agreed—weakly.

SSgt. M. L. Jones
PIO, 1st MarDiv

The Informer

Pfc George M. Clark was phoning a weather report from intelligence to Master Sergeant Wheeler W. Schott, battalion operations NCO at a forward artillery position.

It went like this:

Clark: "Hello, Operations. The regular weather report follows—There will be rain tomorrow."

Schott: "I know that!"

Clark: "Oh, did you get the report already?"

Schott: "Hell no! There's a ring around the moon and my corcs are killing me!"

PIO, 1st MarDiv

New Traveling Bag

Navy doctors and corpsmen serving with the First Marine Division in Korea are experimenting with a new type "traveling bag."

The bag, used for casualties, is similar to the regular sleeping bag, but it is designed with a two-way zipper combination. A patient's wounds may be treated with a minimum of exposure because of the added slide fasteners.

Another new feature of the bag is the fur-lined parka headpiece. A plastic protective cover keeps the bag dry and serves as a windbreaker during air evacuations. The plastic can also be used inside to protect the expensive bag if a patient is hemorrhaging.

MSgt. H. B. Wells

TURN PAGE



Photo by Sgt. W. J. ZurHeide

Second Lieutenant John Bissell displays Purple Heart he earned in Korea. Ancestor, Daniel Bissell, got one of first awards in Revolution



Photo by MSgt. H. B. Wells

William J. Atkinson, HM3, and James H. Duck, HM2, use a fellow corpsman as "patient" to demonstrate new type casualty "traveling bag"



Photo by Corp. V. Puccio
Private First Class Jerry Joseph, Sergeants Richard McNaughton, Allen Goble and Henry Reed form quartet. They're attached to KMC

DATELINE . . . KOREA (cont.)

Beer Can Roof

A group of Korean school kids have profited from "Dog" Medical Company's beer ration. The school is in the refugee area directly opposite "Dog" Med.

Originally the mud block building had a rice straw roof. Then the students discovered the empty beer cans in the Med dump.

The youngsters set up a production line. They stripped the tops and bottoms off the cans and then flattened the remaining cylinders. These were used as shingles for a new roof.

All the work was done by the students with crude, handmade tools after school hours. And there are no leaks in the new tin roof.

MSgt. H. B. Wells

Order Carried Out

"Charlie" Company, 1st Battalion, Seventh Marines, was moving up on the line to assist "Item" Company. As they set up, Staff Sergeant Elmer A. Seneri, machine gun section leader, yelled to his men, "No matter what happens up here, I don't want any man to leave any weapon or part behind. When we move out, we leave nothing."

That night a fierce fight took place. When the smoke of battle had cleared

and casualties had been evacuated, it was dawn. Seneri took inventory and found a machine gun barrel and accessory parts missing.

Seneri almost went berserk, shouting "No man leaves this hill until those parts are found."

That afternoon Seneri sheepishly ac-

cepted the barrel and parts from Chaplain A. D. Prickett. Pfc Lloyd E. House, Jr., a machine gunner, had been wounded in the fray. When evacuated, he had refused to leave his spare machine gun parts. He was still clutching them when put aboard a hospital ship.

PIO, 1stMarDiv

Stock Excuse

Pfc Bish J. Arnold of the Seventh Marines has a fair idea of what the expression, "lock, stock and barrel" means. At least the "stock" part of it anyway.

He was returning with a patrol from a mission in front of the main line of resistance when suddenly the group was ambushed by the enemy.

While Arnold was firing with his carbine, the entire stock was shot away by a burst from a Red burp gun. Arnold, unscathed, was left holding the "lock and the barrel."

After the Marines had successfully fought their way out of the trap, Arnold, in the understatement of the day, said, "I guess it was my lucky day. I wasn't touched."

SSgt. Lawrence Dickerson
Combat Correspondent

Your Pants, Sir

Lieutenant James H. Orr is peeved at a certain Japanese tailor for being too painstaking.

During a hurried trip from a Marine air base in Korea, he ordered a new uniform from a tailor in Japan. He left



Photo by MSgt. H. B. Wells
Korean school kids stand in formation facing their school near "Easy" Med area. Small fry built the roof with discarded beer cans

an old uniform as a pattern. Over one of the trouser pockets was a large visible darn.

Weeks later when he returned to pick up the new uniform and the older sample, he found the tailor had done his work too well. The new uniform was perfect in every respect, including an exact duplication of the darned spot.

PIO, FMAW

Cards For Everybody

Second Lieutenant Charles M. Clipper, USMC, recently found himself fresh out of playing cards. Now he has 300 packs, thanks to the Reno Junior Chamber of Commerce.

Several months ago, Lieut. Clipper wrote the Reno Jaycees and told them, "It's tough for Marines to fight a war without playing a little poker." He also advised his former colleagues (he was a vice president of the Reno Jaycees in 1950) that playing cards in Korea got c'og-eared in a hurry.

Weeks passed and nothing happened. Then came the night when the mailman lugged in a crate, addressed to Lieut. Clipper. It held 300 decks of cards, donated free by Harold's club of Reno.

Lieut. Clipper took a couple of packs for himself and turned the remainder over to the Marine Division Special Services officer for further distribution.

"After all," Lieut. Clipper admitted, "I don't play much poker myself. I'm mostly a cribbage man."

1st Lt. Bob Gray
PIO, First Marine Division



Photo by MSgt. H. B. Wells

Corp. Oswaldo Nira and Pfc Samuel Fielder concentrate on game while Pfc Donald Campbell kibitzes. Checkers are heavy fuse caps

Confirmed Fighter

Marine First Lieutenant John W. Andre, First MAW night fighter pilot, was credited recently with the first confirmed kill of an enemy night interceptor during aerial combat in Korea, according to the Fifth Air Force. Three

other Marines and an Air Force pilot have reported knocking down enemy "after dark" aircraft but Andre's kill was the first to be confirmed.

Andre, flying a blackened Corsair of the Marine Flying Nightmares, was attacking two enemy supply vehicles under flare illumination when he spotted a Communist Yak-type night interceptor. The Yak came at Andre from the left, spitting fire. Andre pulled out of his dive, circled, and silhouetted the Yak against the sky. Two bursts from his 20-mm. cannon sent the Yak down in flames.

Andre's flare plane, circling above, witnessed the Yak's crash and confirmed the kill.

MSgt. Fred G. Braitsch, Jr.

Louella, Please Note

A movie is a movie no matter where you watch it and this includes improvised screens and outdoor showings in Korea.

Although First Division Marines are not bothered by noisy popcorn eaters, ladies' frilly hats and squealing children, there are cinema disturbances peculiar to front line duty.

An example:

The movie stopped and the operator made the following announcement: "All personnel will refrain from clicking rifle bolts during the feature picture."

PIO, 1st MarDiv
END



Photo by TSgt. R. Kiser

Corporal Michael J. Gott uses his slingshot to snipe at the enemy. Marine carved weapon from ammo box. M-1 is still kept within reach

SPORT SHORTS

by SSgt. Robert A. Suhosky

Leatherneck Staff Writer

Illustrated by

Corp. Robert C. Southee

Leatherneck Staff Artist

SMALL BOYS dream of the future with a solemn faith. Young Paul Arizin, Quantico's current cage king, was no exception. His youthful imagination had conjured up the glory of a championship football team, roaring crowds and Paul Arizin starring at end. Although he possessed a slight build, he was taller than most kids his age and he knew that his height would be advantageous in a pass-catching position.

When someone knocked the bottom out of a peach basket and tacked it to a telephone pole on a South Philadelphia street, Arizin's gridiron ideas were forgotten. The round ball dropped through the round hoop with ease for Arizin. Constant practice sharpened his natural talent.

Paul was 14 when he started tossing a basketball around, ten years ago.

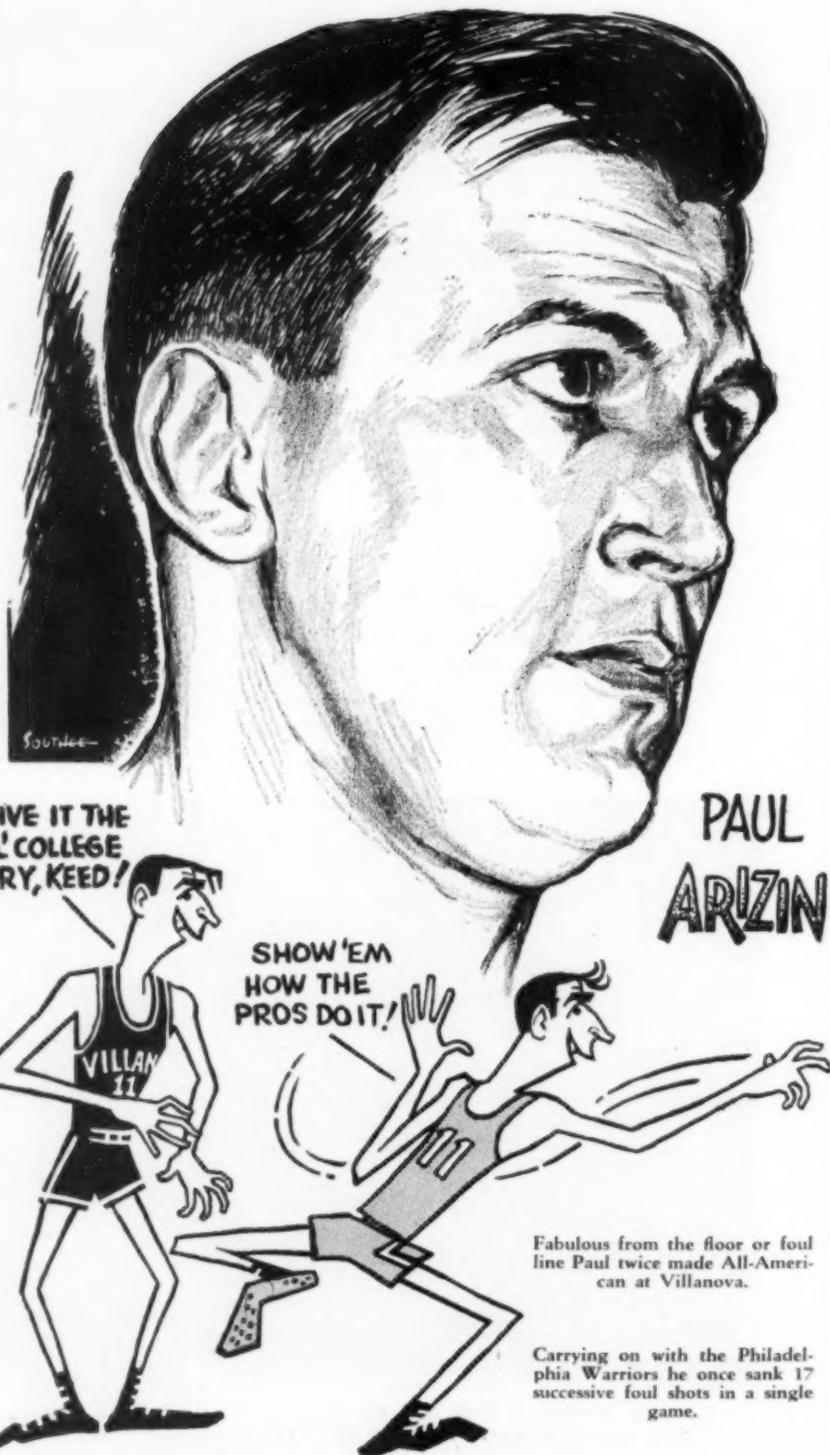
At LaSalle high school, where he got his secondary education, they're still puzzling over the fact that Paul's reluctance to believe in himself cost the Explorers one of the greatest cagers they might have known. He didn't even go out for the team!

Arizin's ability was a long time in making the headlines. Like most great and near-great athletes of today who by-pass the horseplay of the old timers, he's modest and quiet. Lack of self-confidence was a serious drawback until his sophomore year in Villanova College when he began exploiting his cage skill. When he was shifted from forward to pivot post the following season, his improvement was immediate.

At Villanova and later with the professional Philadelphia Warriors, he shot his way to new records. Deadly accurate with either hand, he hooped 85 points in one game to set a new collegiate record.

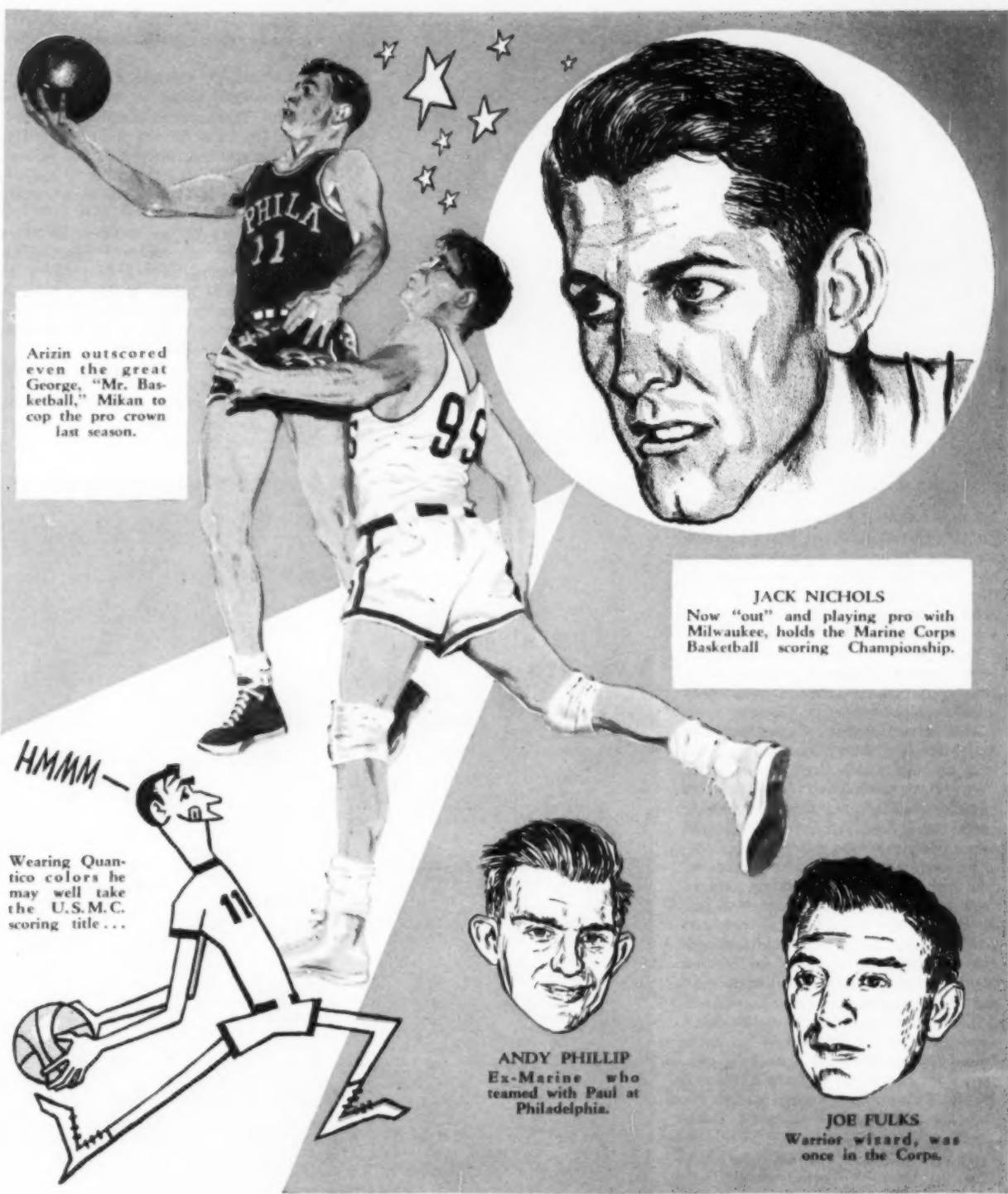
In 1950 he made more points than any other college player. With the Warriors, he split scoring chores with former Marines Joe Fulks and Andy Phillip.

The six-foot-four cager was switched back to forward in the pros, but it



Fabulous from the floor or foul line Paul twice made All-American at Villanova.

Carrying on with the Philadelphia Warriors he once sank 17 successive foul shots in a single game.



Arizin outscored even the great George, "Mr. Basketball," Mikan to cop the pro crown last season.

JACK NICHOLS
Now "out" and playing pro with Milwaukee, holds the Marine Corps Basketball scoring Championship.

HMMM—
Wearing Quantico colors he may well take the U.S.M.C. scoring title...

ANDY PHILLIP
Ex-Marine who teamed with Paul at Philadelphia.

JOE FULKS
Warrior wizard, was once in the Corps.

didn't hinder his tremendous drive and speed, or the whirling jump shot that never seems to miss the cords. Arizin's ability to hit from all angles caused "Mr. Basketball," George Mikan of the Minneapolis Lakers, to fade into the background last year as Arizin led the

National Basketball Association with 25.4 points per game. Quantico opened its present season in an exhibition battle with the Warriors. The pros went into the game, determined not to bow before an untried Marine quintet, but they did.

Big Q won, 85-76. Arizin showed no partiality to his former teammates; he dumped in 17 points. Jack Nichols annexed Cy Waldrop's scoring record at Quantico two years ago. Arizin is a reasonable threat to relieve Nichols of the honor. **END**

We-the Marines

Edited by SSgt. Curtis W. Jordan

Campaign For The Corps

When Technical Sergeant William C. Pofahl learned that the Marine Corps may lose thousands of Selective Service volunteers within the next year, he decided to do something about it.

At his own expense, he converted his new Plymouth station wagon into a "recruit-mobile" and began touring his home base of Camp Pendleton on a crusade to sell the idea of reenlistment into the regular Marine Corps.

His "recruit-mobile" is plastered port and starboard with recruiting posters, and an eight foot sign on top asks, "Why Have Less Than The Best?" A loudspeaker mounted atop the vehicle gives out with "Semper Fidelis" and other Marine Corps marches.

To date, Sgt. Pofahl has sent many Marines to their commanding officers for reenlistment. "I can't reenlist them," he states, "but I can send them to the proper place for it." Pofahl believes that reenlistment of a trained Marine is of greater value to the Corps than the enlistment of a recruit.

This campaign for the Corps has been conducted by the sergeant in his spare time. During his regular working day, he serves as Special Services Chief and Public Information Representative for the Training and Replacement Command at Pendleton.

PIO, Marine Barracks
Camp Pendleton, Calif.

O.D.s To Greens

Deep respect for a Marine colonel and a desire to serve under his leadership, inspired a former Army staff sergeant to enlist as a private in the U.S. Marine Corps.

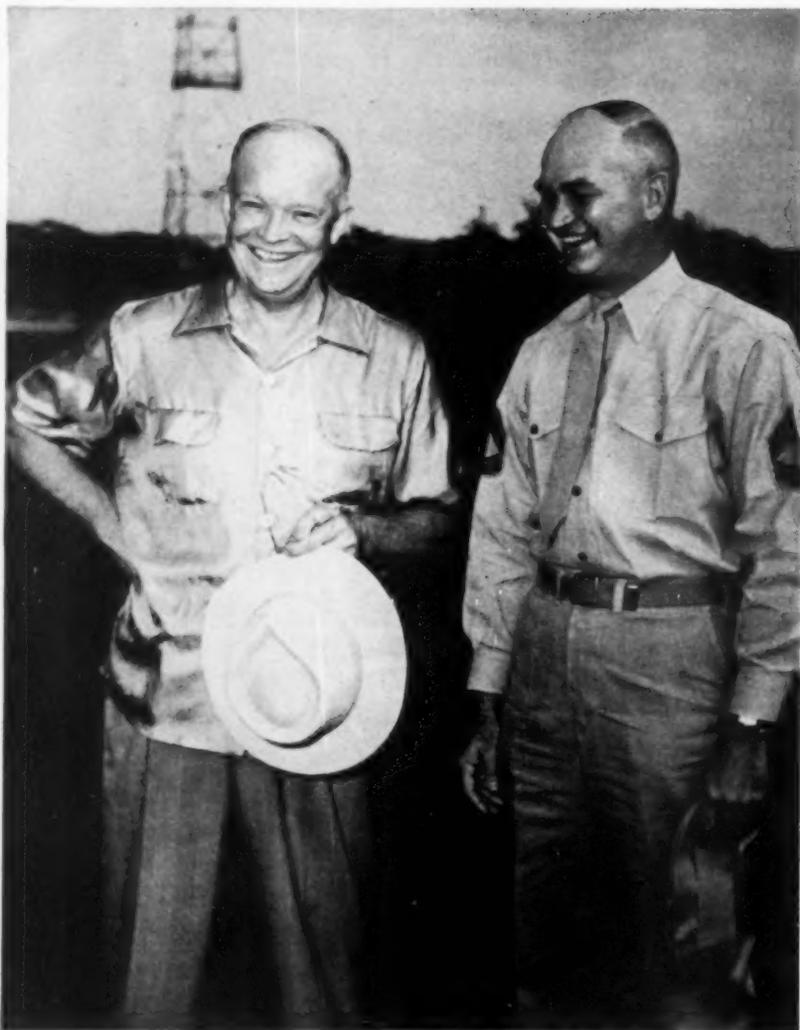
Donald R. Brethouwer, 23, was a hospital corpsman with the Army's Twenty-fourth Division in Korea when Chinese troops broke through at the

snow-shrouded Chosin Reservoir in late 1950.

Lieutenant Colonel Olin L. Beall, commanding officer of the Marines' 1st Motor Transport Battalion, First Marine Division, joined with four other men in rescuing more than 300 wounded soldiers during the drive to the sea. Brethouwer was one of the men brought back to safety.

A veteran of seven years of Army service, he is currently undergoing recruit training at San Diego as a direct result of his deep respect for Col. Beall. This is the colonel's 35th year in the Marine Corps, 15 of which were served as an enlisted man.

PIO, MCRD, San Diego



USMC Photo by SSgt. Harley W. Herman

"Ike" flashes his famous grin as he meets another "Ike," MSgt. Irwin F. Waldvogel whose resemblance to the new President earned the sergeant his nickname during last election. They met in Hawaii

Cold Turkey

The rifle which helped win the West is quite a far cry from the M-1 Garand rifle which Marines are accustomed to firing. Rifle range personnel at the Cherry Point Marine Corps Air Station found that out during a turkey shoot with a .32 caliber, muzzle-loading, Tyron Plains Rifle.

Twenty Marine weapons experts, with no bird in their sights, contented themselves with peppering a one-inch bullseye from 50 yards. A 30-pound turkey was the prize for the sharpshooter of the day.

After the last powder had been rammed down the muzzle and the smoke had cleared away, Sergeant J. W. Cook, NCO in Charge of the pistol range was declared the winner.

Although his ancient weapon proved to be the most accurate of the day, there was one point on which everyone was in general agreement—a muzzle loader would be little help in a Korean fire fight.

PIO, USMCAS
Cherry Point



Official USMC Photo

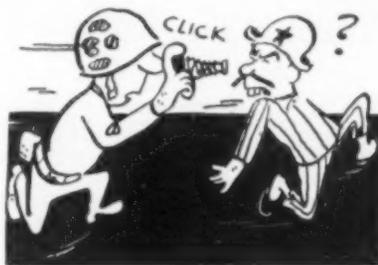
MSgt. W. R. Williams (left) and TSgt. P. L. Brady, examine Sgt. J. W. Cook's winning target after "turkey shoot," fired with muzzle-loader

Dividend

A 73,000-1 shot paid a \$2000 dividend to Sergeant Franklin D. Praytor.

Praytor, a former combat correspondent in Korea was first place winner in the color division of *Photography Magazine's* 1952 photography international contest.

His color photograph, "Casualty in Korea," picked from more than 73,000



entries, earned the sergeant a \$2000 United States Defense Savings Bond and trophy.

Bernard G. Davis, Publisher of *Photography Magazine*, presented Praytor's prize winning picture to General Lemuel C. Shepherd, Jr., during a recent visit to the Commandant's office at Headquarters, Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Sergeant Praytor, who was also present during the picture presentation, has been a photo hobbyist for the past six years. Prior to enlisting in the Marine Corps he operated the North Alabama Bureau of the International News Service, and later was a reporter for the *Columbus, Georgia, Ledger*.

He was graduated from the Columbia Military Academy and attended Birmingham-Southern College for two years before entering the newspaper field.

PIO, HQMC



USMC Photo by MSgt. Chris Bucarel

B. G. Davis, Photography Magazine publisher, presents Sgt. F. D. Praytor's winning photo to Gen. L. C. Shepherd, Jr., Commandant

Bagpipeless

First Lieutenant William K. Cowie says he "loves the pipes" and wants a Scottish musical unit in his company because it "gives you that 'feeling' while marching."

Cowie, the commander of Company "B", 1st Battalion, Third Marine Regiment, at Camp Pendleton, is sparking the drive for a bagpipe, drum and fife unit.

As yet, the company is "bagpipeless," but this isn't stopping these Marines from planning for the day when they hope to hear a chorus of the unique

TURN PAGE



Official USMC Photo

Wives who couldn't understand the "shop talk" of their pilot husbands are taken on inspection tour of Photo Squadron-2 at Cherry Point

WE—THE MARINES (cont.)

instruments. If the "B" Company Marines get their wish and somebody wills them a slightly used set of bagpipes, the hills of Camp Pendleton will be ringing with musical echoes of old Scotland.

Until they have some pipes of their own, the men of the company will listen to and study the technique of a famous recording they have ordered from Scotland: "The 74th Farewell to Edinburgh."

PIO, Third Marine Div.
Camp Pendleton

Worried Wives

Confused by such terms as "mock," "Banjo," and "pickle it off," wives of the pilots of Marine Photographic Squadron-2 of the Second Marine Aircraft Wing at Cherry Point, invaded the territory of Lieutenant Colonel L. R. Seibert, commanding officer of VMJ-2, and persuaded him to show them around.

They were given a complete tour of inspection, beginning at the "mole-hole" (darkroom) and ending with the "Banjo" (F2H photo-jet). During the inspection they learned that "mock" signifies the speed of sound and "pickle it off" means snapping individual pictures from the planes.

When first approached with the idea,

Col. Seibert realized the peace of mind the tour would provide for the wives.

Because the Banshee travels at near the speed of sound, the wives frequently spent anxious hours worrying about their pilot husbands when their

missions kept them in the air longer than originally scheduled. However, the wives were reassured during the inspection when it was pointed out that the plane and its equipment contain so many safety features that flying it is safer, according to statistics, than driving the family automobile.

The tour was a success and the colonel feels that the morale of the pilots' wives has been definitely lifted.

PIO, 2nd MAW
USMCAS, Cherry Point

Tale Of One City

A Marine lieutenant colonel and a former Royal Danish Army veteran met in San Diego recently.

"What's your name, lad?" asked the Marine officer.

"Andersen, sir. Holger C. Andersen."

"Where are you from, Andersen?"

"Copenhagen, sir."

The colonel remembered a Copenhagen in New York, but he also tried to recall a Copenhagen in one of the other states.

"Copenhagen?" he repeated. "Copenhagen, where?"

A look of astonishment came over the Dane's face. Then it changed to one of condescending pity.

"Copenhagen—DENMARK," he said.

The 24-year-old Andersen had come to the United States shortly after being honorably discharged from the Royal Danish Army in March, 1950. He had then settled on the western seaboard



Official USMC Photo

Miniature Marine fighter plane, piloted by Mark and Terry Stevens, was built by their father, Bill, a former Marine aviation mechanic



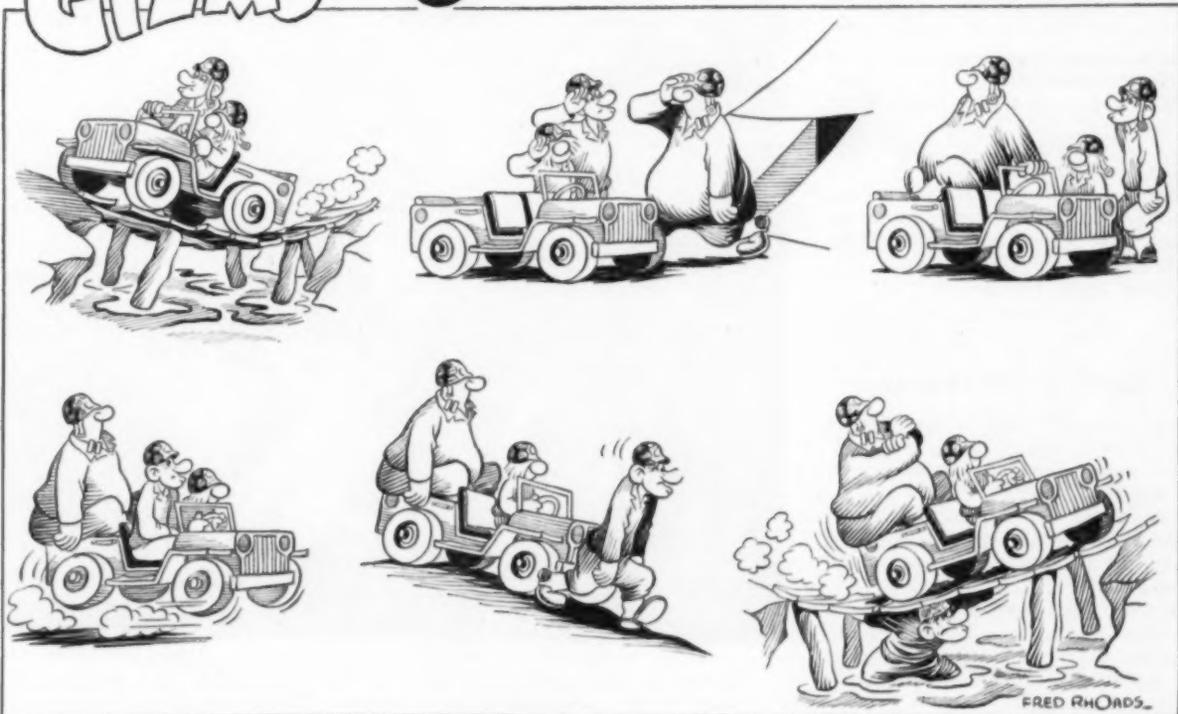
Official USMC Photo
 Pretty Jo Ann Olsen, Miami model, was chosen
 Sweetheart of Miami's 2nd 155-mm. Gun Bn.



United Press Photo
 Betty Baize, All Western Bands Review Queen,
 poses with a Great Dane Pfc, USMCR mascot

GIZMO and

THE HELPER



TURN PAGE



Official USMC Photo

MSgt. John J. McCarthy sets an Armed Forces record by giving 50th pint of blood in Philadelphia. Daughter Mary Alice shows anxiety

The center is located on the top deck of the Division's Number Three Service Club in building 225 and is operated by the Carolina Telephone and Telegraph Company.

Opening ceremonies of the new telephone center were attended by Major General Henry D. Linscott, camp commanding general, and Major General Randolph McCall Pate, commanding general, Second Marine Division.

PIO, Marine Barracks
Camp Lejeune



Unusual Hobby

A Marine recruiter in Philadelphia recently received a letter from the mother of a young man who had enlisted a few weeks previously. In the letter, filled with gossip about her son and his military life, there were many pages devoted to many subjects. She concluded by writing that her son had been assigned as a chauffeur in a Motor Transport Company and that he now had plenty of time to enjoy a new hobby . . . something called "Motor-Pool."

MSgt. George E. Burlage

END

WE—THE MARINES (cont.)

because he had "heard so much about the State of California."

"I wanted to see what it looked like," he explained, "and to learn the language. I even thought it might be a good place to live."

But his civilian sojourn was cut short by Selective Service and now the young Dane is getting acquainted with other parts of the American scene; he's a United States Marine.

PIO, Depot of Supplies
San Francisco, Calif.

Eight Chatterboxes

Good news for Marines who like to talk at Camp Lejeune!

The camp's first pay-telephone center has been opened.

The center is complete with eight modern booths, central switchboard desks for placing calls, lounges and writing desks.

The call placing system is similar to the one in the Jacksonville USO. Loudspeakers have been placed throughout the building for callers awaiting completion of their calls.



Official USMC Photo

A map of Italy claims the attention of four WMs going there for duty. Left to right: SSgt. Boyd, Sgts. Kennedy, Capps and Corp. Hoffman

CASUALTIES

Marine Corps casualties, dead, missing and wounded released by Marine Corps Headquarters
from November 5 to December 5, 1952

DEAD

ALABAMA

GOSSETT, J. L., SSgt., Montgomery

ARIZONA

TALLSALT, H., Pfc, Tonalea

CALIFORNIA

CLYMER, M. D., Pfc, West Los Angeles (Previously reported missing)
CODDINGTON, G., Pfc, San Diego (Previously reported missing)
DAVIS, J. F., Corp., Belmont
EDWARDS, G. R., Corp., Healdsburg
EILAND, H. J., Maj., Costa Mesa (Previously reported missing)
HASKELL, G. E., Maj., Laguna Beach (Previously reported missing)
HOLLISTER, E. A., Capt., Santa Barbara
HYDE, D. L., 2dLt., San Francisco
JIRICEK, W. G., Pfc, Glendale
LEVINE, H. F., Pfc, Santa Cruz
OCKERT, W. E., Sgt., Soaugus
PASS, B. M., Capt., Glendale
RIZZUTO, L. A., Pfc, San Leandro
SPURLOCK, S. L., 2dLt., Los Angeles
STAPLES, C. W., 2dLt., Torrance
UMHOEFER, R. E., Corp., North Hollywood

COLORADO

RUSSELL, T. F., Pfc, Eagle

CONNECTICUT

BROWNE, D. C., Pfc, Norwalk
FLANAGAN, J. E., Pfc, New Haven
ROLAND, J. E., Pfc, Bridgeport

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

ARTER, J. H., SSgt.,
GIVOT, M. L., 2dLt.

FLORIDA

FINN, E. D., Corp., Miami

GEORGIA

BELL, J. C., Corp., Claxton

ILLINOIS

ENGH, D. E., Corp., Des Plaines
FRIEND, J. E., Corp., Belvidere
JONES, J. E., Pfc, Chicago
LAVELLE, J. T., Corp., La Grange
FLAGAKIS, L. P., Corp., Normal
STEWART, C. N., Pfc, Brookport
WEITEKAMP, C. A., Pfc, Raymond

INDIANA

BENJAMIN, R. K., 2dLt., Indianapolis
DELP, R. L., Pvt., Mantezuma
MOORE, S. E., Pfc, Muncie
MUNSON, W. L., Pfc, Indianapolis
REYNOLDS, J., Corp., Rockville
RUSSELL, H., Pfc, Indianapolis

IOWA

HENDERSON, R. R., Corp., Des Moines
WASHBURN, J. G., Pfc, Keokuk

KANSAS

SCHUSTER, C. L., Pfc, Wakeeney

KENTUCKY

GOLDSMITH, M. E., Pfc, Louisville
MASSIE, J. C., Pvt., Lexington
SMITH, J. A., Pfc, Sebree

WOOD, O. L., Pfc, Moysville

LOUISIANA

ALLISON, B. E., Corp., Baton Rouge
YOUNGBLOOD, J. L., Pfc, Natchitoches

MAINE

WORSTER, V. O., Pfc, Kingman

MARYLAND

CALLAGHAN, R. M., SSgt., Baltimore

MASSACHUSETTS

GAGLIORMELLA, A. H., Pfc, Winchester
RYAN, R. A., Pfc, Springfield
SHORES, W. C., Pvt., North Weymouth

MICHIGAN

HOWCROFT, D. K., Pfc, Clawson
LINDEMANN, E. O., Pfc, Ann Arbor
READLE, L. E., Pfc, Romeo
SKINNER, S. E., Jr., 2dLt., East Lansing
WILSON, A., Pfc, Detroit
WILSON, J. W., Pfc, Pontiac

MINNESOTA

RICHARDS, D. F., Pfc, Grand Rapids
ROZESKI, F. A., Pfc, Glencoe

MISSISSIPPI

HORNBEAK, W. B., TSgt., Isola
THOMPSON, W. A., SSgt., Vicksburg (Previously reported missing)
WHEELER, V. O., Jr., Corp., Woodville

MISSOURI

CALLAWAY, J. E., Pfc, Raytown
CURNEAL, J. H., Pfc, Essex
HADEN, H. J., Pfc, New London
JOHNSON, D. L., Corp., Joplin
LEE, W. H., Pfc, Kansas City
LYTLE, L. D., Pfc, St. Louis
SOMMERFELD, W. B., Pfc, Mendon
SWEARENGEN, K. D., Pfc, Milan
VODICKA, C. B., Pfc, Bolivar
VALLO, E. S., Pfc, Bonne Terre

MONTANA

MASON, W. E., Pfc, Great Falls

NEBRASKA

FOLKNER, D. L., Pvt., Geneva

NEW HAMPSHIRE

BABSON, J. L., 2dLt., Cantoocook

NEW JERSEY

FORNELIUS, G. G., Jr., Pfc, Clifton
MARRYOTT, J., Pfc, Atlantic City
PAGLIONE, A. J., Sgt., Trenton
SMITH, D. F., Sgt., Dunellen
THOMPSON, W. E., Sgt., Paterson
VAN GORDEN, C. C., Pfc, Branchville

NEW MEXICO

MENDOZA, M. T., Pfc, Silver City

NEW YORK

BASHE, G., Pfc, Bay Shore
BORKOWSKI, H. A., SSgt., Mt. Vernon
DeMASE, J., Pfc, Bronx
FITZGIBBON, L., Jr., 2dLt., Tarrytown
GILCHRIST, W. A., Pfc, New York
GIOVENCO, J. L., Jr., SSgt., Buffalo
GOLDSTEIN, F., Pfc, Bronx
MARCUS, M., Corp., Bronx
MISNER, H. J., Corp., Buffalo
PARHAM, E., Corp., New York
RAYMOND, D. R., Pfc, Nicholville

RICH, R. U., 1stLt., New York
ROGERS, D. F., 2dLt., Rockaway
ROONEY, R. F., Pfc, Bronx
RYAN, T. J., Pfc, Brooklyn
TESTERMAN, W. R., Corp., Port Chester (Previously reported missing)
TONELLATO, P. F., Pfc, Brooklyn
WILCOX, H. J., Sgt., Lake Luzerne
WRIGHT, D. V., Pfc, Warwick
YOUNG, C. L., Pfc, Tuckahoe

NORTH CAROLINA

BARNES, D. W., Pfc, Armour
ROBERTS, P., Jr., Pvt., Kings Mountain

NORTH DAKOTA

HAYLEY, K. R., Pfc, Page

OHIO

HINKLE, F. E., Corp., Crooksville
KAHUE, A. C., Pfc, Otway
SHARPE, L. C., Pfc, Cleveland
STERN, D. E., Pfc, Cleveland

OKLAHOMA

HELM, J. B., Pfc, Lexington (Previously reported missing)

OREGON

METZ, R. C., Corp., Portland
PIEPER, R. L., Corp., Oswego

PENNSYLVANIA

FARRAR, J. K., SSgt., Hughesville
MORRISON, A. G., 1stLt., Pittsburgh
SAVITSKI, J. P., Pfc, Scranton
SCHAEFFER, C. L., Corp., Donaldson
STEINER, J. A., Pfc, Kingston
THOMAS, F. R., Jr., Pfc, Millvale
YOUNG, B. M., Pfc, Croydonk

SOUTH CAROLINA

WREN, C. A., Jr., Pfc, Parksville

SOUTH DAKOTA

JOHANSEN, R. A., Pfc, Roslyn

TENNESSEE

LETT, L. E., Corp., Fountain City

TEXAS

BAUGH, W. M., Jr., Corp., Refugio
DENTON, L. B., Corp., Big Spring
ENNIS, F. A., Sgt., DeValle
GARCIA, L. A., Corp., Beaumont
HUBERT, W. A., Pfc, Fort Worth
JACQUES, M., Jr., Sgt., Texas City
LARAMORE, J. M., 2dLt., Texarkana
LUCAS, J. F., Corp., Sundown
RODRIGUEZ, R., Pfc, San Antonio
SHORTEN, P., Pfc, Galveston

VIRGINIA

PHILLIPS, W. R., 2dLt., Hampton
VARNER, J. W., Pfc, Monterey

WASHINGTON

CONSTANTINO, P. J., Pfc, Seattle

WEST VIRGINIA

MULLINS, T. G., Pfc, Rupert
WHITMORE, D. R., Pfc, Huntington

WISCONSIN

PETERSON, G. A., Pfc, Iola
SEELEY, P. W., Pfc, Boscobel
ULLMAN, C. L., Pfc, New London

HAWAII

KAHUE, A. C., Pfc, Honolulu

TURN PAGE

CASUALTIES (cont.)

LAPING, F. Pfc, Ewa
PAU, R. K., Pfc, Oahu
SANTIAGO, G., Pfc, Honolulu

PUERTO RICO

APONTE-DELGADO, R., Pfc, Caguas (Previously reported missing)
PERELES, P. J., Pfc, Coamo
TIRADO-GARCIA, J., Pfc, Manati

CANADA

LYNCH, R. F., Pfc, Toronto

DENMARK

QVISTGAARD, N. J., Corp., Copenhagen

BRITISH GUIANA

WILLIAMS, J. M., Pfc, Buxton Post Office

WOUNDED

ALABAMA

BANNISTER, R., Pfc, Pell City
BOYLES, R. L., Pfc, Jopka
DUNCAN, T. K., Pfc, Duncanville
HUNTER, H. E., Pfc, Vinemont
KIMBROUGH, O. T., Pfc, Phenix City
SMITH, A. R., Pfc, Vernon
TAPLEY, R. R., Pfc, Alexander City
WILLIAMS, W. S., Sgt., Thomasville

ARIZONA

GONZALES, B. G., Pfc, Phoenix
HARSH, R. R., Pfc, Phoenix
HAWKINS, R. E., Corp., Little Rock
HINTZ, J. E., Corp., Cashio
JONES, D. C., Corp., Coolidge
MARIN, J. M., Pfc, Safford
NEAL, L. F., Pfc, Lubachukal
TORRES, J. P., Pvt., Phoenix
WINCENTENSEN, D. L., Pfc, Tucson

ARKANSAS

HARRIS, J. P., Pfc, Little Rock
JACKSON, J. L., Pfc, Magnolia
KEENEN, E. L., Pfc, Rogers
LONG, R. R., Pfc, Waldron
McCoy, P., Pfc, Little Rock
ROGERS, C. D., Pfc, Arkadelphia
SLAYDEN, H. L., Pvt., England

CALIFORNIA

BAIZA, S. M., Pvt., Visalia
BANKS, D. E., Pfc, Menlo Park
BEECHAM, E. R., Pfc, San Francisco
BERG, A. R., Pfc, Oakland
BESSIERE, M. P., Corp., San Jose
CAFFALL, J. V., Pvt., San Francisco
CARSEY, N. E., Corp., Sacramento
CORNETT, P., Pfc, San Jose
COWLEY, M. O., Sgt., San Diego
DEL RIO, G. P., Pfc, Delano
DENNY, R. L., Pfc, Shafter
GOMEZ, J. O., Pfc, Los Angeles
GONZALEZ, H., SSgt., Stockton
HARRINGTON, G. M., Pvt., Sacramento
HUCKINS, D. W., Pvt., Woodland Hills
JAMIESON, R. L., Pfc, South Gate
LEWIS, A. G., SSgt., Oceanside
LIGHT, W. R., Pfc, Bakersfield
LOVEMARK, H., SSgt., Rosemead
MacDONALD, C. W., Pvt., Richmond
MANNING, H. R., Pfc, Glendale
McDOWELL, C. G., Pfc, Madera
McNEIL, R., Jr., Pfc, Los Angeles
MEIKLE, J. W., 2dLt., Van Nuys
MICHEL, D. L., Sgt., Gardena
MIRANDA, S. M., Pfc, Bakersfield
MULLINS, W. G., SSgt., San Francisco
PANSKE, D. A., Pfc, Los Angeles
PEDERSEN, E. T., 2dLt., Vista
PHILLIPS, E. E., Pfc, Wheatland
RATCLIFF, C. F., Sgt., San Fernando
BAUM, S. H., 2dLt., San Diego
ROCHA, A. L., SSgt., Los Angeles
SHADWICK, R. L., MN, Tajunga
SHIELDS, R. C., Corp., Venice
SIMIONI, N. A., Pfc, Santa Barbara

SMITH, E. L., Pfc, Earlmar
THORNTON, W. T., Pvt., Los Angeles
VIGIL, V. J., Pfc, Carlsbad
VITAL, J. A., Pfc, San Francisco
WALKER, K. C., HMI, El Cajon
WALSH, D. E., Sgt., San Bernardino
WARREN, J. W., Sgt., San Diego
WATTS, H. B., Pfc, Los Angeles
WHITE, C. E., Pfc, Modesto
WILCOX, J. D., Pfc, Del Paso Heights

COLORADO

BLAIR, T. J., Sgt., Denver
CARLSON, L. H., Pfc, Flagler
FITZGERALD, R. A., Pfc, Colorado Springs
JACKSON, J. R., Pvt., Holyoke
KAHLER, H. J., Corp., Denver
MEINEKE, J. D., Pfc, Craig
RIVERA, J. E., Jr., Pvt., Monte Vista
WOODYARD, S. O., Sgt., Fort Collins
WRIGHT, J. N., Corp., Alamosa

CONNECTICUT

BRADY, W. S., Corp., Hartford
HEALY, E. W., Corp., Hartford
NIEWINSKI, J. J., Pfc, New Britain
UNZ, T., Corp., Sharon
ZACCHIO, D. A., Pfc, Weatherford
ZEMBROSKI, J. S., SSgt., New Haven

DELAWARE

PARLIER, D. L., Corp., Claymont
WALLS, V. L., Pvt., Newark

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

COLEMAN, J. A., Pfc,
CURRAN, W. G., 2dLt.
ELWOOD, F. M., Pfc,
KIRK, J. G., Pfc,
LEWIS, M. J., Jr., Corp.,
McDOUGALL, R. D., Jr., Pfc,
ROCKEFELLER, J. J., Pfc,

FLORIDA

BENNETT, J., SSgt., Dover
BISHOP, B., Pfc, Stuart
BROWN, R. E., Pvt., Live Oak
CHELOTIS, J., SSgt., Miami
COZART, G. T., Sgt., Miami
DAVIES, F. H., Jr., Corp., Miami
HILL, J. H., Pvt., Tampa
HINDERY, J. L. A., Pfc, De Land
OWENS, R. E., Pfc, Vero Beach
PHIFER, W. T., Corp., Miami
RIDGWAY, A. P., Jr., Sgt., Miami
ROBERTS, R. D., Pfc, Orlando
THOMPSON, L., Jr., Pfc, Davenport

GEORGIA

CARROLL, J. T., Jr., Pfc, Thomasville
FOLSOM, C. W., Corp., Moultrie
HOBBS, C. W., Sgt., Rossville
JESSEE, R. L., Pfc, Atlanta
LOGAN, R. G., Pfc, Atlanta
MacMILLAR, J. W., III, Sgt., Decatur
McGEE, E. W., Pfc, Atlanta
McGRATH, L. N., MN, Albany
PRITCHETT, A. D., Corp., Blue Ridge
VOYLES, E. L., Pfc, Rome
WILLIAMS, L. L., Pfc, Sparks

IDAHO

BRAUBERGER, M. L., Pfc, Richfield
SCHIER, J. J., Pfc, Lewiston

ILLINOIS

AUER, J. W., Pfc, Peoria
BABBINI, D. A., Pfc, Highwood
BANKS, W. C., Jr., Pfc, Chicago
BOWERS, W. G., Pfc, Aurora
CAMPBELL, S. P., Pvt., Chicago
CARTER, W., Pfc, Maywood
CHERWIN, R. J., Pfc, Chicago
CHRISTOPHER, T., Pfc, Madison
COLLINS, H. J., Corp., Chicago
CROWLEY, E. R., Pfc, Des Plaines
DALTON, D. J., Corp., Chicago
DeMOULIN, W. A., Pfc, Reynolds
DILLARD, J. D., Corp., Venice
DUNCHEON, J. L., Jr., Pfc, Oakford
FEJDASZ, C. J., Pvt., Chicago
FRIEND, J. E., Corp., Belvidere
GARRETT, R. T., Pfc, Chicago
GIBSON, G., Corp., Chicago
HARAN, J. C., Pfc, Chicago
HAYES, T., Jr., Corp., Chicago
HEMM, E. G., Pfc, Wood Dale

HOWE, T. V., Pvt., Rock Falls
JACKSON, R. W., Pfc, De Kalb
JACKSON, V., Pfc, Chicago
JANCZAK, J. A., Jr., Corp., Chicago
KAMIN, E. V., Sgt., Maywood
KENNEDY, R. L., Corp., Blue Island
LARSEN, K. J., Corp., Chicago
LORANGER, R. J., Pfc, Chicago
LOCASH, S., Pfc, Freeport
MARSH, W. E., Sgt., Chicago
MARTIN, J. E., Jr., Pfc, Chicago
MILLES, J. E., Pfc, Quincy
MILLER, E. J., Pfc, Chicago
O'KEEFE, F., Corp., Barrington
OZMENT, R. L., Pfc, Villa Ridge
PATRICK, J. L., Pfc, Chicago
PREW, L. G., Pfc, Sterling
SLOAN, J. L., Pfc, Libertyville
SMITH, R. T., Corp., Chicago
SWEARINGEN, E. M., 2dLt., Cicero
TADEVICH, R. J., Pfc, Chicago
WALGENBACH, R. G., Pfc, La Salle
WEBER, R. L., Pfc, Roadhouse
WENZEL, R. H., Pfc, La Salle
VIRGINIA, E. D., Pfc, Madison

INDIANA

BOWERS, G. L., Pfc, Kokomo
BOWERS, M. G., Pfc, Indianapolis
BOWMAN, H. F., Pfc, Indianapolis
CARLTON, D. R., Corp., Evansville
CHASTAIN, O. P., Jr., Corp., Indianapolis
COMBS, J. A., Pfc, New Albany
CURTIS, R. M., Corp., Terre Haute
DIERINGER, C. E., Pfc, Huntington
HARRIN, L. R., Pfc, Marysville
HOLLOWELL, E. L., Pfc, Easton
KENNELLY, R. T., 2dLt., Indianapolis
KNOX, J. E., Pfc, South Bend
LANG, R. D., Pfc, Vaederburg
MAHONEY, L. G., Corp., South Bend
MARPLE, R. F., SSgt., Kokomo
MILLER, E. J., Pfc, Elwood
MILLER, R. C., Pfc, Muncie
MOSCATO, J., Pfc, Oolitic
VOGT, R. M., Pfc, Indianapolis
WENTZ, I. R., Corp., Farmersburg

IOWA

BEYER, K. D., Corp., Des Moines
CLINE, L. B., Corp., Cherokee
COLLERAN, J. T., Pfc, Clemons
DATIN, J., HMI, Cedar Rapids
FRIEDRICHSEN, B. K., Pfc, Denison
HART, K. A., Pfc, Lawler
HENDERSON, R. R., Corp., Des Moines
LANHAM, D. C., Sgt., Perry
MEYER, R. R., Pfc, Remsen
NISSSEN, J. R., Pfc, Dike
PIERCE, J. W., Pfc, Mason City
PREWITT, J. D., Corp., Des Moines
RIERSON, D. H., Pfc, Belmond
SEATON, K. L., Corp., Sioux City
WOODS, D. K., Pfc, Davenport

KANSAS

CARRION, L., Corp., Newton
MORETZ, C. D., Pfc, Wichita
RIECHERS, H. E., Pfc, Green
ROGERS, R. R., Pfc, Havenville
SIMON, T. R., Pfc, Fredonia
WALLACE, G. R., Sgt., Louisburg

KENTUCKY

BRUMAGEN, A., Corp., Richmond
COATES, J. L., Pfc, Louisville
CONGER, B. W., Pfc, Fredonia
DOWDY, G. W., Pfc, Murray
HOLLAND, J., Pfc, Combs
LEDFORD, E., Pfc, Trixie
LINVILLE, C. W., Sgt., Borterville
MULLINS, C., Pfc, Slomp
PARRISH, P. A., Pfc, Calvert City
REARDON, D. P., Corp., Louisville
RILEY, A., Pfc, Maudie
SCHAFFNER, L. A., Pfc, Louisville

LOUISIANA

CAMPBELL, L. J., Pfc, Welch
COUTEE, B., Pfc, Montgomery
GOODWIN, T. J., Pfc, Athens
MARKS, L., Pfc, Saint Landry
STUCKEY, C. H., Pfc, Shreveport
WHITE, R., TSgt., New Orleans
YOUNG, J. E., Jr., Corp., New Orleans

MAINE

DESJARDINS, A., Pfc, Lewiston

FRANCK, P. C. C., Pfc, Van Buren
JOHNSON, C. A., HN, Presque Isle

MARYLAND

ALEXANDER, J. F., Pfc, Middletown
COOLAHAN, J. C., Corp., Arbutus
HYDE, C. R., Corp., Brandywine
KIRK, R. D., Pfc, Baltimore
MYERS, T. R., Pfc, Baltimore
NUSBAUM, D. A., Pfc, Westminster
WHITE, A. G., Pfc, Baltimore
WILKERSON, J. D., Corp., Snow Hill
WILSON, C. E., SSgt., Baltimore

MASSACHUSETTS

AJEMIAN, L. B., Pfc, Jamaica Plain
BEAUDETTE, E. J., Pfc, Fitchburg
BEAUVIS, R. D., Pfc, Worcester
BELANGER, G. J., Pfc, Fall River
BELLETTE, P. U., Corp., Newburyport
BOSWORTH, R. K., Pvt., Winchendon
DONOGHUE, T. H., Pfc, Lowell
FAY, J. F., Jr., Pvt., Revere
GRAUSTEIN, D. J., Pfc, Cambridge
GUAY, J. R. N., Pfc, Fall River
KARAKHANIAN, G. R., Sgt., Somerville
KELLEY, W. E., Sgt., Waltham
LONGO, P. E., Pfc, Salisbury
MAHONEY, D. J., Pfc, Boston
McGRAW, R. K., Sgt., Arlington
MORIN, P. V., HN, Haydenville
NARDO, V. A., Corp., Hingham
PARSONS, J. W., Corp., Brockton
PENNIMAN, W. E., Pfc, Maynard
PIMENTEL, L., SSgt., Attleboro
PORTER, R. T., Corp., Newton Center
SILVESTRI, J. H., Corp., Webster
TURNER, J. J., Pfc, Lowell
WOODWARD, H. R., Sgt., Winchendon

MICHIGAN

ANDRZEJCZAK, F. S., Pfc, Detroit
BENOIT, J. J., Pfc, Detroit
CLOOTEN, H. A., Pfc, Detroit
CLULEY, R. J., Corp., Rosebush
DIGIOVANNA, R., Pfc, Grand Rapids
DORSTEWITZ, J. E., Corp., Paw Paw
DRISCOLL, T. W., Pvt., Detroit
FLETCHER, D., Corp., Detroit
FONSECA, A., Pfc, Detroit
FOUCHIA, A. F., Corp., East Detroit
HORN, L. R., Pvt., Grand Rapids
HUDSON, G. G., HN, Wayne
JOHNSON, N. W., Pfc, Ensign
JOHNSON, R. K., Pfc, Arcadia
KNIGHT, T. S., Corp., Detroit
KRIEBEL, W. T., Pfc, River Rouge
KUSEL, R. I., HN, Coldwater
LININGTON, A. R., Jr., Corp., Mt. Clemens
MILLARD, J. R., Pfc, Flint
NOWICKI, J. A., Pvt., Detroit
O'CONNOR, J. E., Pfc, Detroit
ROSE, E. A., Pfc, Van Dyke
SHILLINGTON, J. H., Pfc, Detroit
WRESSELL, J. D., Pfc, Saginaw

MINNESOTA

BARGE, E. R., Pfc, St. James
BERGSTROM, R. E., Pfc, Foley
DeJARLAIS, R. A., HM3, Robbinsdale
FORCIER, J. S., Sgt., St. Paul
HAGEN, L. W., Pfc, Echo
JOHNSON, W. E., Corp., Harris
JUENEMAN, T. A., Pfc, Wilmont
KOCH, B. R., HN, Melrose
MELBY, L. C., Pfc, Maple Plain
OTTO, R. W., Pfc, Oak Park
RACINE, H. J., Pfc, St. Paul
TVEIT, W. L., SSgt., Albert Lea

MISSISSIPPI

BUTLER, C., Pvt., Basterville
DIXON, R. D., Pfc, Harrisville
EHLERS, C. L., Pfc, Moss Point
JOHNSON, H. A., Pfc, Waynesboro
LYON, J. L., Pfc, Harrisville
MIDDLETON, E., Pfc, Bude
MILLER, J. T., Corp., Tupelo
MORROW, H. L., Pfc, Harrisville
TIPTON, J. G., Pfc, Quincy
WESTBROOK, R. D., Pfc, Biloxi

MISSOURI

BREIER, G. H., Corp., Clayton
GAMBLIN, J. B., Pfc, Naylor
HOLLANDER, R. R., Corp., Rock Hill
KUC, A. J., Pfc, St. Louis
LEE, D. V., Pfc, Clarence

LITTLE, T. S., Pfc, Parma
McCOMMIS, C. A., Pfc, Dixon
MORGAN, L. M., Pfc, New Madrid
ODNEAL, K. C., Corp., Prairie Home
RANDALL, B., Corp., St. Louis
ROBERTS, E. S., Jr., Sgt., Hamilton
SMOOT, T. A., Sr., Corp., St. Louis
SOMMER, C. E., Pfc, St. Louis
SUMPTER, B. T., Corp., Leadington
THORN, L. J., HN, Clarkton
VOLKMER, R. L., Pfc, Jefferson City
WALKER, J. F., Pfc, Green City
WOOD, F. E., Sgt., Jefferson City

NEBRASKA

BAUER, L. D., Pfc, Cortland
CLEVINGER, P. E., Pfc, Verdon
SICK, R. W., Pfc, Lodgepole
WALTON, D. A., Pfc, Venus

NEW HAMPSHIRE

BUMPASS, R., SSgt., Dover
CALEF, D. A., Pfc, Rochester
FOLLENSBEE, R. E., Pfc, Winoit
ROBBINS, R. Y., Pfc, Wolfeboro
ROY, F. D., Corp., Manchester

NEW JERSEY

BERGMANN, J. E., Pfc, Harrison
CANAVAN, T. M., Pfc, Newark
FENSAL, K. N., Pfc, Dover
FUKS, H. F., Pfc, Clifton
HELFRICH, N. C., Pfc, East Orange
HICKMAN, C. J., Corp., Farmingdale
HICKS, J. R., Corp., Newark
HOGAN, R. L., Pvt., Jersey City
HUFF, D. W., Sgt., Trenton
JORDAN, G. E., Jr., Pfc, Belleville
KANE, J. J., Jr., Pfc, Jersey City
KROECKEL, R. P., Sgt., Vauxhall
LATORRACA, R. P., Pfc, Hillside
LAZOWSKY, J., SSgt., South Bound Brook
PACE, A., Pfc, Landisville
POMPONIO, A. B., Pfc, Cedar Grove
RESSLER, M., Pfc, Newark
SILANO, A. P., Pfc, Paterson
SMITH, P. T., Pvt., Camden
THOMAS, D. O., Pfc, Westville
THOMPSON, R. G., Sgt., Vineland
VAGASKY, G. J., Jr., Pfc, Garfield
VANCE, J., Sgt., Englewood
WILSON, J., Corp., East Orange
ZEMBRISKI, S. P., Pfc, Mahwah

NEW MEXICO

ARCHULETA, R., Pfc, Taos
BRADLEY, G., Pfc, Fruitland
LOSOYA, J. G., Pfc, La Mesa
MAREZ, G. J., Pfc, Clovis
MEDIANO, L., Pfc, Roswell
PLUMMER, A., Jr., Pfc, Tohatchi
ROBINSON, A. L., Sgt., Albuquerque
TRUJILLO, P., Pfc, Taos

NEW YORK

ACQUAOTTA, J. J., Pfc, Flushing
AVERY, C. G., Pfc, New York
BRAESTRUP, P., 2dLt., New York
BROOKS, J. J., Pfc, Astoria
COMPITELLO, D. D., Corp., Amityville
CONKLIN, W. D., Pfc, Glen Cove
CONTE, J. A., Pfc, Bronx
CORRAO, E. G., Sgt., Hempstead
D'AMBROSIO, L., Pfc, Brooklyn
DePRETA, V. R., Corp., Bronx
DULLES, A. M., 2dLt., New York
DUNHAM, E. K., Jr., 2dLt., Freeport
ENGLERT, R. L., Pfc, Dansville
FABER, H. F., Pfc, Brooklyn
FESSETTE, L. H., Pfc, Plattsburg
FIFIELD, H. A., Pfc, Brooklyn
FOLEY, D. J., Jr., Pfc, Yonkers
FREEDMAN, A. S., SSgt., Flushing
FRYE, C. M., Pfc, Castleton
GAGLIO, H. A., Pfc, Oneonta
GALVIN, J. E., Pfc, New York
GILZOW, B. R., Pfc, Rochester
GLASS, A. R., Pfc, Freeport
GONZALEZ, M., Corp., Bronx
GRANT, H. A., Corp., Watertown
HILL, B. R., Pfc, Newport
HOLIWSKI, F. D., Sgt., Brooklyn
HUBBARD, R. F., Pfc, Walcott
HUSEK, J. J., Pfc, Richmond Hill
HYER, R. A., Sgt., Syracuse
JORDAN, G. L., Pvt., New York
JUDGE, R. C., Pvt., New York
KELLEY, P. L., Pfc, Jasper

KNAPP, F. H., Corp., South Otseic
KOBRE, M. J., Sgt., Ithaca
LEWIS, E. M., Pfc, Rock City Falls
MARTIN, L. G., Pfc, Yonkers
MARTINEAU, H. A., Pfc, Brooklyn
MAS, J. A., Pfc, New Rochelle
McGUIRE, J. J., Pfc, Buffalo
MEICH, V. A., Corp., Greenlawn
MOSKOWITZ, M., Pfc, Brooklyn
MURCRAJ, P. E., Pfc, Ausable Forks
MUTH, R. H., Pfc, Auburn
NELSON, E. W., Pvt., Geneva
NOVOTNEY, L. S., Corp., New York
O'CONNOR, C. A., Jr., Pfc, Brooklyn
O'SULLIVAN, J. J., Corp., Bronx
OUWERKERK, R. R., Sgt., Hempstead
PASUALE, G. A., Pfc, Yonkers
PIAZZA, J. R., Pfc, Staten Island
PIERRE, D. E., Corp., Jamaica
PLASTIK, Y., Corp., Brooklyn
QUIMBY, J. M., Pfc, Cheektowaga
REHNER, J. W., Sgt., Woodside
RESNICK, S., Pvt., Brooklyn
ROGERS, H. C., Pfc, Albany
RONDI, W. P., Pfc, Brooklyn
ROSADO-RODRIGUEZ, A., Pfc, New York
SALOMONS, L. L., Pfc, Franklin Square
SAMMIS, J. K., HN, Huanong
SAYLES, D. J., Jr., Pfc, Buffalo
SEGARRA, J., Corp., Brooklyn
SMITH, E., Pvt., New York
STRONG, Z. W., HMI, Yonkers
SULLIVAN, A. G., Pfc, Brooklyn
TEVYAW, L. A., Sgt., Johnson City
TORRES, R., Pfc, New York
TRUMAN, D. W., Pfc, Almond
VALLEJO, D. T., Pfc, New York
VILLA, F. J., Pfc, Newburg
WINTERS, H., Corp., Rockaway Beach
ZIELINSKI, C., Pfc, Brooklyn

NORTH CAROLINA

CABE, T., Jr., Pfc, Sylva
CHIPMAN, T. L., Jr., Pfc, Jonesville
GOODWIN, T. E., Pfc, Edenton
GRIFFIN, J. D., Pfc, Concord
HESTER, J. C., Corp., Kernersville
KIGER, B. J., Pfc, Winston-Salem
LEONARD, H. K., Corp., Mocksville
MARSH, H. W., Pfc, Fayetteville
NIX, J. D., Pfc, Gastonia
ORR, W. E., Pfc, Brevard
PARKER, G. C., Pvt., Monroe
PAYTON, E., SSgt., Greenville
PINNER, W. A., Pfc, Waynesville
RICH, W. E., Corp., Canton
SPAIN, J. A., Pvt., Rocky Mount
SUMNER, J. H., Pfc, High Point
TROGDON, T. E., Pfc, Lexington
WATERMAN, M. R., Pfc, Knotts Island
WEBSTER, W. E., Pfc, Snow Camp
YOUNG, W. C., Jr., Pfc, Salemburg

NORTH DAKOTA

BAUSKE, L. M., Pfc, Dawson
HUBERTY, R. J., Pfc, Hankinson
HUDSON, C. V., Pfc, Casselton
JOHNSON, A. D., Corp., Grand Forks
LANDSIEDEL, V. M., Pfc, Underwood
SHULTZ, R. D., HN, Almont
SKJERVHEIM, D. D., Pfc, Loma
SWANSON, R. A., Corp., Rugby

OHIO

ADKINS, G. L., Pfc, Wheelersburg
ARMBRUST, A. E., Corp., Sylvania
BENAVIDES, J. H., Pfc, Findlay
CAMPBELL, C. L., Pfc, Chillicothe
COOPER, M. E., Pfc, Dayton
DICKHAUS, J. F., HN, Cincinnati
DORAN, M. J., Sgt., Youngstown
FRESKENO, W. J., Corp., Cleveland
HAMILTON, C. E., Pvt., Pataskala
HARVEY, A. G., Pfc, Germano
HEMERLIN, D. E., Pfc, Cleveland
HINES, D. D., Pfc, Alliance
JONES, F. S., Corp., Minerva
KISE, B. J., Pfc, Delaware
KNIPPER, C. A., Pfc, Hamilton
KRUPKA, R. C., SSgt., Cleveland
MALINOWSKI, E. A., Pfc, Swanton
MARSHALL, J. F., Pfc, Columbus
MAY, E. A., Corp., Dayton
MAYS, R. H., Corp., Chesapeake
OLEJNICZAK, R. S., Pfc, Toledo
PLACKO, E. C., Pfc, Genoa
PORTER, G. W., Pfc, Jeffersonville
PRINDLE, C. V., Pfc, Norwalk
RISSER, M. A., Corp., Columbus Grove

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CASUALTIES (cont.)

SCHWAB, E. G., Jr., Pfc, Dayton
 SLAGLE, M. H., Pfc, Columbus
 STAUDACHER, J. G., Pfc, Hubbard
 SULAR, D. P., Sgt., Cleveland
 TUCKER, N. A., SSgt., New Philadelphia
 WALLACE, M. L., Pfc, Wayne
 WALTER, A. L., Pfc, Wellington
 WEBB, V. J., Sgt., Cadiz
 WILLIAMS, T., Pfc, Cleveland
 YOLI, R. E., Pfc, Columbus

OKLAHOMA

GOODEN, B. M., Pfc, Wewetka
 HOLLAND, R. F., Pfc, Sulphur
 WADE, R. L., Pfc, Wilburton

OREGON

HARRINGTON, R. D., Pfc, Portland
 HUTCHINS, E. C., Pfc, Klamath Falls
 NEIDEIGH, J. A., Pfc, Bandon
 STAFFORD, L. A., Sgt., Medford

PENNSYLVANIA

BANNER, J. E., Corp., Canonsburg
 CHISHOLM, J. D., Corp., Erie
 DOLSON, B. H., Jr., Sgt., Middletown
 DOWD, G. M., Pfc, Erie
 GRAY, H., Jr., Pfc, Uniontown
 HUNSBERGER, J. D., Pfc, Morrisville
 JACOBS, G. F., Pfc, Bethlehem
 JOHNSTON, R. P., Pfc, Berwick
 KERNS, G. F., SSgt., Pottsville
 LACHENDRO, L. L., Pfc, Pittsburgh
 LESNICK, L. L., Pfc, Ricos Landing
 MAGILL, R. W., Pfc, Boxter
 MARSH, T. H., Pfc, West Conshohocken
 MATYNKA, R. H., Pfc, Philadelphia
 McCLAIN, N. R., Pfc, Harrisburg
 McEACHERN, D. W., Jr., Pfc, West Middlesex
 PERSICK, J. E., Pfc, Mt. Carmel
 PIRRI, S. J., Corp., West Chester
 RINES, J. A., Pfc, Philadelphia
 ROSIAN, R. H., Pfc, Patton
 SEGICH, R. T., TSgt., Chester
 SORENSEN, W., Corp., Croydon
 SUMMERSON, W. M., Pfc, Lock Haven
 TOBIN, F. L., Pfc, Wilkes-Barre
 ZIGMOND, J., Pfc, Arcadia

RHODE ISLAND

DADONA, L. J., Corp., Providence
 DATIN, J., HMI, Cedar Rapids
 NEGUS, T. F., Jr., Pfc, Providence
 SMITH, A. T., Pfc, Central Falls

SOUTH CAROLINA

CRAFT, W. T., Jr., Pfc, Gilbert
 CROSBY, H. A., III, Pfc, Naval Base
 EVANS, D. E., Capt., Lake City
 NORRIS, H. M., 2dLt., Camden
 O'BANION, H. G., Sgt., Beaufort
 PLYLER, C. A., Pfc, Pageland
 SINGLETARY, A. N., Pfc, North Charleston
 STANTON, J. E., Pvt., Newry
 WEST, R. C., Pfc, Pageland

SOUTH DAKOTA

AESCHBACHER, D. R., Pfc, Winner
 HART, L. L., Pfc, Iroquois
 HELMS, H. H., Corp., Bushnell
 KARELS, S. R., Pfc, Big Stone City
 MENARD, M. V., Pfc, Jefferon
 MITCHELL, W. A., Pfc, Wood
 SEINER, R. J., Pfc, Avon
 SHEUQUETTE, G. E. D., Pfc, Eagle Butte

TENNESSEE

BINKLEY, B. M., Pfc, Joelton
 COVINGTON, J. W., Corp., Memphis
 CROSSNO, R. R., Pvt., Memphis
 DAVIS, L. F., Pfc, Lenoir City
 GOODWIN, D. L., Pfc, Old Hickory
 LEACH, H. P., Jr., Pfc, Milan
 PARADISE, J. V., Pfc, Memphis
 PENNINGTON, J. W., 2dLt., Signal Mountain
 POPE, B. G., HMI, Nashville
 POWERS, W. S., Pfc, Sharon
 VINSON, W. D., Pfc, Memphis
 WILLIAMS, J. E., Pfc, Tiptonville

TEXAS

ANDERSON, J. E., Corp., Pittsburgh
 BALDERAS, J., Pfc, Garciaville

BODLING, C. G., Pfc, Hale Center
 BOYER, G. W., Sgt., Alice
 CLAY, J. R., Pfc, Fort Worth
 COFIELD, E. W., Jr., Pfc, San Antonio
 DEAN, P. D., Pfc, Kilteen
 EMERSON, C. W., Pfc, Midland
 GUANTES, F. J., Pfc, San Antonio
 GUIDROZ, C. R., Pfc, Fort Arthur
 HENDERSON, W. E., Pfc, Bay City
 HERNANDEZ, V., Pvt., Edinburg
 HINOJOSA, Y., Jr., Pfc, Laredo
 ISABELL, B. C., Pfc, Dallas
 JOHNSON, A. P., HN, Victoria
 KASNER, A. B., Pfc, Rosebud
 LAWRENCE, R. L., Corp., Odessa
 MOORE, E. S., Corp., Dickinson
 O'BRIEN, G. H., Jr., 2dLt., Big Spring
 PARKER, H. E., Jr., Pfc, San Antonio
 RASCHKE, E. J., Pfc, Colorado City
 ROMERO, J. A., Pfc, El Paso
 ROSBOROUGH, T., Pfc, Marshall
 SEARCY, H. D., HN, San Angelo
 SEXTON, R. E., Pvt., Dallas
 SHEPHERD, R. C., Pfc, Elkhart
 SMITH, D., Pfc, Wichita Falls
 SMITH, H. V., Pfc, Lubbock
 TODD, W. A., Sgt., Coalidge
 TURLEY, D., Pfc, Dublin
 WALLACE, A. C., Pfc, Fort Worth
 WILLIAMS, W. K., Corp., Lewisville
 WOKATY, E. A., Pfc, Corpus Christi
 WRIGHT, H. L., Sgt., Zavalla

UTAH

ALBREYSEN, B. W., HM, South Hyrum
 BRISTOL, A. L., Pfc, Bluebell
 STENS, G. I., HN, Salt Lake City

VERMONT

GODIN, R. F., Pfc, Burlington

VIRGINIA

BLANKENSHIP, J. T., Pfc, Kalsa
 EMBREY, J. R., Pfc, Marshall
 HARRISON, J. E., Corp., Richmond
 HUBBARD, A. R., Pfc, Wise
 PETERSON, J. M., Sgt., Portsmouth
 SAVAGE, C. E., Pfc, Craddockville
 THOMPSON, G. H., Pfc, Boydton
 WILKERSON, V. D., Pfc, Alexandria
 WOOD, H. F., Jr., Pfc, Lynchburg
 WOOLDRIDGE, H. L., Pfc, Page

WASHINGTON

ADAMS, H. L., Pvt., Spokane
 EVANS, F. D., Pfc, Centralia
 FRAZIER, G. W., SSgt., Arlington
 GILLASPIE, R. D., Sgt., Vader
 McGAHAN, H. R., Pfc, Tacoma
 SWARTZ, R. B., 2dLt., Seattle
 WHITE, S. E., Pfc, Eatonville

WEST VIRGINIA

BOLEN, C. E., Pfc, Huntington
 BOWEN, G. A., Pfc, Coalfork
 JARRETT, P. R., Pfc, Belle
 LEFRIDGE, L. M., Pvt., Charleston
 LYNCH, B. W., Sgt., Belle
 OATRIDGE, R. E., Sgt., Garten
 SHIELDS, K. E., Pfc, Liverpool
 TAYLOR, J. E., Pfc, Raleigh

WISCONSIN

BREY, V. V., Pfc, Spring Green
 BYERS, C. R., Pfc, Boscobel
 LOKEN, K. B., Pfc, Cumberland
 MILLER, R., Pfc, Mayville
 SARTO, R. J., Pvt., Racine
 NEUSTAEDTER, R. V., Corp., Milwaukee
 OLESON, A. J., Corp., Lodi
 SCHAUMBERG, J. M., Pfc, Milwaukee
 SCHWANKE, J. L., Pfc, Coloma
 STRZYZEWSKI, N. M., Pfc, Manitowac
 TRALMER, R. L., Corp., Tomah
 ULNESS, M. H., Pfc, Osseo
 VAN WIE, G. A., Pfc, Kenosha
 WALTON, K. L., Pfc, Salem
 WINELAND, R. L., Pfc, Milwaukee

WYOMING

ALTHOFF, G. A., Pfc, Powell
 HOLKAN, T. J., Pfc, Garland
 MONTOYA, A. G., Pfc, Riverton

AMERICAN SAMOA

TULESU, V., Corp., Tutuila

CUBA

GUSMAN, G., SSgt., Santiago De Cuba

HAWAII

MINESHIMA, S., Corp., Kekaha Kaula
 TAKATA, A. M., Pfc, Keala Kaula
 TRIPP, A. K., Pfc, Honolulu
 WADE, C. D., Pfc, Honolulu

PUERTO RICO

AGRAIT-SERRA, R., Pfc, Ponce
 ANAZAGASTY-RODRIGUEZ, G., Pfc, Aguadilla
 ARANA-GARCIA, C. R., Corp., Rio Piedras
 CANDELARIO-OLIVERAS, C., Pfc, Ponce
 DIAZ-VELAZQUEZ, A., Pfc, Patillas
 GONZALEZ, S. M., Corp., Aguirre
 MELENDEZ, J. F., Pfc, Vega Alta
 RIVERA, R. P., Pfc, Comerio
 RODRIGUEZ-ALICEA, E., Pfc, Lares
 VELAZQUEZ-FLORES, R. L., Pfc, Ponce

VIRGIN ISLANDS

HARLEY, E. H., Pfc, St. Thomas
 QUERARD, M. A., Pfc, St. Thomas

MISSING IN ACTION**ALABAMA**

BARNES, T. R., Pfc, Dadeville

ARKANSAS

RICKER, L. G., Pfc, Peach Orchard

COLORADO

RUBIO, J. C., Jr., SSgt., Trinidad

DELAWARE

FOREACRE, L. K., Pfc, Wilmington

ILLINOIS

JUERN, T. A., Pfc, Forest Park
 KOTWICA, J. J., Corp., Chicago
 OLIVER, S. R., Jr., Pfc, Chicago

INDIANA

ILIC, T. M., Corp., Fort Wayne
 ROBINSON, A. M., Pfc, Indianapolis

KENTUCKY

DENNISON, A. L., Pfc, Louisville

MAINE

GAUTHIER, G. C., Pfc, Lewiston

MARYLAND

WILLIAMS, M. L., Pfc, Baltimore

MINNESOTA

SMITH, D. D., Pfc, Clinton

MISSISSIPPI

DODSON, E. D., Pfc, Randolph

MISSOURI

EDWARDS, A. R., Pfc, Lucerne
 NOETH, G. E., Corp., St. Louis
 SCHERER, W. G., Jr., Pfc, St. Genevieve

NEW JERSEY

ATKINSON, E. R., Corp., Millville
 LATORA, P. N., Pfc, Newark

NEW MEXICO

BAKER, J. D., Pfc, Hobbs

NEW YORK

KESTEL, R. E., Pvt., Brooklyn
 LANG, D. P., Pfc, Brooklyn
 NARDOLILLO, F. J., Pfc, Albany
 REGAN, F. A., Corp., Westbury

NORTH CAROLINA

WATSON, J., Pfc, Chadbourn



"In keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service"
Citations and Awards For Service in Korea.



**LIEUTENANT COLONEL
RAYMOND G. DAVIS**

MEDAL OF HONOR

"The President of the United States takes pleasure in presenting the Medal of Honor to: Lieutenant Colonel Raymond G. Davis . . .

"For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty as Commanding Officer of the First Battalion, Seventh Marines, First Marine Division (Reinforced), in action against enemy aggressor forces in Korea from 1 through 4 December 1950. Although keenly aware that the operation involved breaking through a surrounding enemy and advancing eight miles along primitive icy trails in the bitter cold with every passage disputed by a savage and determined foe, Lieutenant Colonel Davis boldly led his battalion into the attack in a daring attempt to relieve a beleaguered rifle company and to seize, hold and defend a vital mountain pass controlling the only route available for two Marine regiments in danger of being cut off by numerically superior hostile forces during their redeployment to the port of Hungnam. When the battalion immediately encountered strong opposition from entrenched enemy forces commanding high ground in the path of the advance,

he promptly spearheaded his unit in a fierce attack up the steep, ice-covered slopes in the face of withering fire and, personally leading the assault groups in a hand-to-hand encounter, drove the hostile troops from their positions, rested his men and reconnoitered the area under enemy fire to determine the best route for continuing the mission. Always in the thick of the fighting, Lieutenant Colonel Davis led his battalion over three successive ridges in the deep snow in continuous attacks against the enemy and, constantly inspiring and encouraging his men throughout the night, brought his unit to a point within 1500 yards of the surrounded rifle company by daybreak. Although knocked to the ground when a shell fragment struck his helmet and two bullets pierced his clothing, he arose and fought his way forward at the head of his men until he reached the isolated Marines. On the following morning, he bravely led his battalion in securing the vital mountain pass from a strongly entrenched and numerically superior hostile force, carrying all his wounded with him, including 22 litter cases and numerous ambulatory patients. Despite repeated savage and heavy assaults by the enemy, he stubbornly held the vital terrain until the two regiments of the division had deployed through the pass and, on the morning of 4 December, led his battalion into Hagaru-ri intact. By his superb leadership, outstanding courage and brilliant tactical ability, Lieutenant Colonel Davis was directly instrumental in saving the beleaguered rifle company from complete annihilation and enabled the two Marine regiments to escape possible destruction. His valiant devotion to duty and unyielding fighting spirit in the face of almost insurmountable odds enhance and sustain the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service."

*President of the United States
Harry S. Truman*

MEDAL OF HONOR

"The President of the United States takes pleasure in presenting the Medal of Honor to: Staff Sergeant Robert S. Kennemore . . .



**STAFF SERGEANT
ROBERT S. KENNEMORE**

"For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty as leader of a Machine-Gun Section in Company E, Second Battalion, Seventh Marines, First Marine Division (Reinforced), in action against enemy aggressor forces in Korea on 27 and 28 November 1950. With the company's defensive perimeter overrun by a numerically superior hostile force during a savage night attack north of Yudam-ni and his platoon commander seriously wounded, Staff Sergeant Kennemore unhesitatingly assumed command, quickly reorganized the unit and directed the men in consolidating the position. When an enemy grenade landed in the midst of a machine-gun squad, he bravely placed his foot on the missile and, in the face of almost certain death, personally absorbed the full force of the explosion to prevent injury to his fellow Marines. By his indomitable courage, outstanding leadership and selfless efforts in behalf of his comrades, Staff Sergeant Kennemore was greatly instrumental in driving the enemy from the area and upheld the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service."

*President of the United States
Harry S. Truman*

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CITATIONS (cont.)



PRIVATE HECTOR A. CAFFERATA, JR.

MEDAL OF HONOR

"The President of the United States takes pleasure in presenting the Medal of Honor to: Private Hector A. Cafferata, Jr. . . .

"For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty while serving as a rifleman with Company F, Second Battalion, Seventh Marines, First Marine Division (Reinforced), in action against enemy aggressor forces in Korea on 28 November 1950. When all the other members of his fire team became casualties, creating a gap in the lines, during the initial phase of a vicious attack launched by a fanatical enemy of regimental strength against his company's hill position, Private Cafferata waged a lone battle with grenades and rifle fire as the attack gained momentum and the enemy threatened penetration through the gap and endangered

the integrity of the entire defensive perimeter. Making a target of himself under the devastating fire from automatic weapons, rifles, grenades and mortars, he maneuvered up and down the line and delivered accurate and effective fire against the onrushing force, killing fifteen, wounding many more and forcing the others to withdraw so that reinforcements could move up and consolidate the position. Again fighting desperately against a renewed onslaught later that same morning when a hostile grenade landed in a shallow entrenchment occupied by wounded Marines, Private Cafferata rushed into the gully under heavy fire, seized the deadly missile in his right hand and hurled it free of his comrades before it detonated, severing part of one finger and seriously wounding him in the right hand and arm. Courageously ignoring the intense pain, he staunchly fought on until he was struck by a sniper's bullet and forced to submit to evacuation for medical treatment. Stouthearted and indomitable, Private Cafferata, by his fortitude, great personal valor and dauntless perseverance in the face of almost certain death, saved the lives of several of his fellow Marines and contributed essentially to the success achieved by his company in maintaining its defensive position against tremendous odds. His extraordinary heroism throughout was in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service."

President of the United States
Harry S. Truman

SILVER STAR MEDAL

" . . . for conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity against the enemy . . ."

"Gold Star in lieu of second award"
LtCol. Roy J. Botterton, Jr.

SILVER STAR MEDAL (First Award)

LtCol. Henry S. Miller
Maj. William Regas
Capt. Howard J. Connolly
Capt. Chester R. Harris
1stLt. Russell W. McNutt
2ndLt. Edward "N" Lukas
2ndLt. Lawrence A. O'Neil
2ndLt. David F. Reid
2ndLt. James J. Weiry
TSgt. James A. Harrington
TSgt. Peter A. Padula
SSgt. Ralph E. Surber
Corp. Robert B. Hinson
Corp. Robert L. Larson
Corp. Lawrence E. Latt
Corp. James L. McMinn
Corp. Bernard R. Stichter
Pfc Melvin H. Deegan
Pfc Frank O. Moore, Jr.
Pfc Ronald L. Moore
Pfc Lewis J. Peters
Pfc William T. Rollins
Pfc Jerry E. Siler
Pvt. Carl S. Johnson

LEGION OF MERIT

" . . . for exceptionally meritorious conduct in the performance of outstanding services to the government of the United States . . ."

"Gold Star in lieu of second award"
Col. Robert O. Bisson

LEGION OF MERIT (First Award)

Col. Frederick R. Payne, Jr.
LtCol. John D. Wiggins

DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS

" . . . for extraordinary achievement in aerial flights . . ."

"Gold Star in lieu of . . . award . . ."
Capt. Archibald M. Mann, Jr., (4th award)
Capt. George F. Good, III (2nd award)

DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS (First Award)

Capt. James E. Wilson, Jr.
Capt. Grady W. Ray
Capt. Harold G. McKay
Capt. Floyd K. Fulton
Capt. Otis W. S. Corman
1stLt. Gerald J. Hutchison
1stLt. Kenneth E. Will
1stLt. Duke Williams, Jr.
2ndLt. Max L. Darling
2ndLt. Cooper L. Gilman
MSgt. Leon F. Devillier
MSgt. Paul H. Sallode

CASUALTIES

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OHIO

KOHUS, F. E., Jr., Pvt., Norwood
PAWLOWSKI, D. J., Corp., Lorain

OKLAHOMA

DUNN, R. L. L., Jr., Pvt., Muskogee

OREGON

PAILLETTE, T. E., HN, Klamath Falls

PENNSYLVANIA

PAVLIK, B. P., HN, Lansford

SOUTH CAROLINA

FAILE, B. R., Pfc, Lancaster

SOUTH DAKOTA

NELSON, M. I., Jr., Pfc, Centerville

TEXAS

VIDAL, E. P., Pfc, San Antonio
WILLIAMS, C., Pfc, McKinney

WEST VIRGINIA

MYERS, O. F., Pfc, Point Pleasant

VITRULS, B. J., Pfc, Kistler

WISCONSIN

PETERSON, L. E., Pfc, Black River Falls
SEELEY, P. W., Pfc, Boscobel

PUERTO RICO

PAREY, L. E., Pfc, Ponce

CORRECTION RETURNED TO DUTY

WEST VIRGINIA

RUPE, F. D., Pvt., Charleston (Previously reported Missing in Action.)

FOURTH MARINES

[continued from page 21]

the XXIV Army Corps at Haguchi beaches on the western side of Okinawa. There was little action at first—then the works exploded. There followed 82 days of some of the roughest fighting in the history of warfare. The Fourth was in action all but 13 days of this time. Finally on June 21st the battered regiment smashed the final enemy stand on Kiyamu-Gusuku Ridge and ended all resistance in the Sixth Division's zone of action. In that time the division was credited with killing 23,000 of the enemy and capturing an additional 3500. They had taken over two thirds of Okinawa.

The tanks had closed over the old-timers of the "new" Fourth by this

time. The final fight had been costly and now there was almost another complete new, new Fourth.

They were back on Guam resting and training the new troops during the months of July and August. As the Fourth was gathering strength for the final big jump on its return to the Orient the Japanese surrendered.

The Fourth moved into Yokosuka,



SOMETIMES IT ADDS UP

[continued from page 43]

out the deck and began working over them thoughtfully. He looked at the rider.

"You better have a good story, Stranger," he said softly.

The rider canted his head slightly and from under dropped lids cast a furtive glance at the bulge made by the wallet and slug and star.

The Kid was beginning to feel the importance of his mission. He tossed off a drink, tugged at his gun belt, and began talking again.

"Shut up!" Flop Hat shouted. "Everybody shut up! Now, tell us what happened."

"I was coming down from the Mesa." The Kid took a deep breath and lowered his voice with an effort. "At the lower ford I saw the sheriff on the bank, dead. He'd been robbed . . . at least, I couldn't find the wallet he carries."

"Go on," Flop Hat ordered. The milling stopped and the newcomers ranged along the bar, watching Flop Hat and the Kid, their fingers feeling for the drinks Bald Dome kept pouring.

"The slug didn't go all the way through. The killer cut it out with a knife from under the collarbone. I figure he did that so you couldn't tell what kind of a gun he used—"

"Don't tell us what you figured; tell us what you saw," Flop Hat ordered roughly.

"Look who's running things!" Cards' voice was sharp, mocking.

Flop Hat jerked his head around and looked over his shoulder at the gambler. His face went red. His lips were two thin hard lines as he turned back to the Kid.

"Let's stop gabbing and start riding," Cowskin Vest said impatiently.

"Did you notify Doc?" Flop Hat asked the Kid.

"Yeh! He's picking him up now."

The rider shoved back from the table. The chemicals of tension began to stream through his body; they parched his mouth, dampened his palms, and stirred the motor of his heart to a faster pace. Giving the mob around the Kid plenty of space, he moved to the lower end of the bar. His movement across the room brought a sudden, heavy silence. Bow Legs and Cowskin Vest looked at him as though seeing him for the first time. Bow Leg's face worked and his right hand dropped to his thigh. Cowskin Vest turned to Flop Hat and jerked his head.

Bald Dome spun a glass down the bar in front of the rider and followed it with a bottle in hand.

"Would you mind telling us," Flop Hat asked, facing around with his thumbs hooked in the arm loops of his vest . . . his eyes shifted to Cards and came away slowly, "where you been today?"

"Not at all."

Red Beard glared at the rider. "I'll see you dancing on the end of a rope if you killed old Tom," he growled, pawing at his beard.

"Shut up," Flop Hat grated.

The rider's hand came up and into his shirt pocket. "I'll put my cards on the table." He tossed the slug onto the bar and followed it with the wal-

let. "There's the slug and the wallet." His hands moved to his belt. "Hold it!" he ordered. "Let me finish . . ."

Bald Dome leaned forward. The bottle in his hand came up and down, hitting the rider on the base of the skull. It was the swift, clean motion of an expert. The rider's knees caved and he settled in a lump in the sawdust. Slowly he straightened and rolled on his back and lay still, his eyes turned back until only the whites showed.

"Take his guns," Flop Hat shouted. Curley pulled the revolvers from their holsters and handed them to Bald Dome. A hard-packed, tight-breathing circle formed around the slack body sprawled in the sawdust. "Tie him up before he comes out of it."

"He's slow coming around . . ."

"Maybe I hit him a mite too hard." Bald Dome tossed a rope into the circle.

With brutal hands, Cowskin Vest turned the rider face down and double-looped the rope around his wrists and drew them together at the small of the back and tied off.

"For two bits I'd tromp his face in," he rasped. "He's coming out of it." Cowskin Vest jerked the rider up by his vest and slammed him into a chair. The rider slumped against the table. He shook his head and groaned. With an effort he focused his eyes on the tense, sweating faces over him; his stomach muscles tightened in hot bands and his head fell forward and he was sick.

"You'd better start talking, son," Cards told him. "Big Bad Bill, here," he jerked his head at Flop Hat, "is

TURN PAGE

SOMETIMES IT ADDS UP (cont.)

aiming to show how tough he is . . ."

"That's enough of that," Flop Hat's voice went soft.

Bow Legs came running through the swinging doors, with a rope. "Doc just came in with the body. Everything the Kid told us is right."

"What're we waitin' for?" Red Beard asked.

"Let him talk," Cards said. "A man doesn't expose his hand that way unless he's got a hole card."

"Start talking," Flop Hat ordered.

" . . . Off the Mesa, about three," the rider began slowly. He had to stop and lower his head between his legs until the blood came back. He would have fallen on his face if Cards hadn't steadied him. " . . . Found the sheriff in the water . . . cut the slug out."

"That's the Doc's job," Flop Hat growled. "Go on."

"I took the slug and the wallet." The rider fixed his eyes on the rafters and his voice choked off in a fog-failing memory. His face worked and his teeth grated against the sickness welling up inside him.

"Give him time to come out of it." Bald Dome came from behind the bar and ran a wet cloth over the rider's face.

" . . . Four hundred yards from the ford . . . the ambush . . . behind a manzanita clump."

"This is as good as a confession," Red Beard whispered.

"Did you know Tom?" Flop Hat asked coldly.

"Thrush!" the rider gasped. "The thrush."

"My God! He's loco. He's talking about birds."

"I hit him too hard."

"Why not let his friend catch the killer?"

A gagging pause . . . "While the trail was fresh, I wanted to find the pigeon-toed thrush."

"That's rich," Red Beard laughed, and the laugh turned into a fit of coughing.

"He's faking," Curley yelled.

"You're damned right he is!" Cow-skin Vest growled. He lashed the coiled rope against his leg. "What're we waiting for?"

"Let the law take its course," Cards answered.

"That's good, coming from you." Flop Hat banged his fist on the table. "Listen to me! Somebody dry-gulched old Tom, and we find we've been playing cards with a Jasper who's got Tom's wallet and the slug that killed him, in his pocket. That's good enough for me."

"What do you say?" Flop Hat asked, looking around at the circle of faces. "Majority rules."

"You mean you're voting on a lynching?" For the first time Cards raised his voice.

"Murder is murder!" Curley waved his arms.

Cards told Flop Hat, "You haven't the guts to go through with it."

Breathing hard, his eyes narrow slits, Flop Hat looked at the gambler. "All those in favor of waiting for the courts to act, move over there." Flop Hat continued to stare at Cards. Cards moved to the bar rail. There was a shuffling of feet, but no one followed him.

"Count me on the side of the law," said Bald Dome. "I didn't slug him 'cause I thought he was guilty; I just didn't want my place shot up." He ran the cloth over the rider's face again. "I'm sorry I whopped you so hard," he said gruffly.

"Two out of fifteen," Flop Hat said to Cards. "You lose."

"Vote or no vote," Cards shook his head. "You haven't got what it takes . . ."



"You're a superior . . ." Flop Hat stopped with a jerk. He smiled thinly as he looked at the rider.

The rider blinked his eyes against the sweat running down his forehead. He ran a dry tongue over drier lips as he searched the fading, wavering circle of bloat-angry faces about him. Nausea turned his face green and he swayed in the chair.

"Let's go," Bow Legs said, making a loop and casting it. The rope settled over the rider's shoulders, jumped upwards on a flick, and tightened around his neck. The rider surged to his feet as it tightened. He wavered and pitched forward onto the floor.

"I hope you're guilty, son," Cards told him, helping him back into the chair. "If you're not it's going to be too damned bad with Mr. Big running things."

The rider whispered hoarsely but the sounds were lost in the babble of angry voices.

"Take him outside," Flop Hat said slowly, evenly. Suddenly the room was empty save for Bald Dome and Cards. Bald Dome brought a bottle and two shot glasses to the table.

"That boy's innocent," he said softly. He cocked his head toward the mob sounds in the street. His hand trembled as he poured two shot glasses full. He pushed one in front of Cards and drained the other.

"I know he is," Cards looked into the dark amber eyes of the liquor. "He drew a bad hand and played it worse."

"It just doesn't add up that a killer would come in with the evidence on him like he did."

"You're right."

Bald Dome looked at the ceiling over Cards' head. "You shouldn't have egged Bert on. You made it so he couldn't back down."

Bald Dome went to the window and peered through the dust-dirty glass. "He's still out. They're holding him in the saddle." He coughed and shook his head. "Maybe it's better that way; he'll never know what happened."

Cards gathered up the deck and riffled it. He sat in silence watching the slender white fingers of his right hand as they manipulated the deck easily, deftly.

Bald Dome frowned. "That little pigeon-toed bay Curley's riding is so gimpy in the off front foot it's going down the street like a three legged dog."

"The way he mishandles his stock, it's a miracle he's got anything that can walk."

Pressing his cheek against the glass, Bald Dome stared slant-wise down the street. "Old Doc and the school marm are arguing with them." His chest rose and fell as though he had been running. "They've got him under the cottonwoods." His voice rose. "They're going at this like they're scared."

"They are scared. All mobs are scared." Cards began flicking out five hands of show-down. "When we voted, if just one rider had come over with us, the rest would've come."

"If you hadn't festered Bert. You made it a choice between him 'n you. They have to live with him, they can get along without you."

"Perhaps," Cards smiled.

"They say blood's thicker than water . . . it's more bitter too. Your mothers were sisters, yet you two've been fighting since you could walk . . ."

"His father owned the country," Cards interrupted, "mine was a cow-hand . . . working for him."

"If Bert keeps losing to you and losing stock off'n his range he'll be riding for you."

"That's the general idea."

Bald Dome strained against the pane. "They've led the Doc and th' school-marm away." His face went red and the cords stood rigid on his neck. He turned slowly away from the window. "That
(continued on page 80)"



BOOKS REVIEWED

PENSION AND RETIREMENT RIGHTS. By Lt. Col. Steven F. Tillman, USAR.

Price \$1.00

If you're a serviceman, veteran or dependent, you will want to read "Pension and Retirement Rights" (8th edition) published by Lt. Col. Elmer J. Smith, U.S. Army Reserve.

The paper-bound book contains 100 pages of vital information concerning the rights, benefits, and privileges of members of the Regular, Reserve, and National Guard components. It includes several pages on the "Korean Veterans Benefit Law"; information on "GI" insurance; pay and allowance charts for all grades; retirement for age and service; disability retirement; separation and severance pay; hospitalization and survivors' benefits.

The contents, gathered from Public Laws and Veterans Administration regulations, furnish up to the minute information for military personnel who have served since 27, June 1950.

You should be aware of the benefits to which you and your dependents are entitled, and how and where to file for them. With this thought in mind,

"Pension And Retirement Rights" is an excellent reference book and will prove to be an asset to you.

Copies of this manual may be obtained by writing Elmer J. Smith, 6030 16th St., North, Arlington, Va.

MSgt. Harry Pugh

THE TRAITORS. By Alan Morehead. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, N. Y.

Price \$3.50



Here's an opportunity to sit in the courtroom of justice as the only judge.

The Traitors, written by one of England's famous journalists, Alan Morehead, gives you the inside facts behind the intriguing atomic espionage ring. It goes even further. Morehead made a thorough study of the three leading scientists involved in the ring, two of whom were tried and imprisoned for treason.

The book describes these traitors of a new kind who betrayed their respective countries not for money or prestige. The ultimate manifestation of science was their goal. In disclosing secrets on the atomic bomb, they were merely spreading the news. Just as a research scientist in medicine shares his knowledge of a newly-discovered wonder-drug, so these men wanted to share their knowledge of the newly-discovered atomic energies as they unfolded in the laboratories.

Allan Nunn May, a non-descript, used that characteristic as a shield from suspicion.

Klaus Fuchs—brilliant in his work yet careless of his person—aroused the maternal instincts of the other scientists' wives and was able to hide behind their skirts.

Bruno Pontecorvo—personable and dashing—charmed his way into oblivion.

The Traitors opens in Canada where a small part of the vast net, sewn by Communist sympathizers, began to unweave. Using the means of a flashback, Morehead devotes the remainder of the book to a thorough and exhaustive study of the minds of these three men.

Lucia Schuon

SOMETIMES IT ADDS UP

[continued from page 78]

finishes him," he said in a strangled voice.

Breathing heavily through open lips, he ran the damp bar rag over his face and the taut, bare skin of his skull. "If he was innocent like we think, why didn't he throw that slug and wallet on the bar when he came in and say he'd found the sheriff in the creek?"

"He's a lone wolf. It probably never entered his head to ask help in finding the killer. The fact he cut the slug out shows he was on somebody's trail." Cards smiled grimly. "It would've been interesting if he'd had a little more time."

Bald Dome picked up the bottle and glasses and went behind the bar. "Drink?" he asked.

"Yes."

Cards crossed to the bar and taking the carefully measured shot glass to his lips, tossed it down with one motion. "Luck," he said as he wiped his lips.

"Luck," Bald Dome followed his motion.

They heard the cavalcade returning. The only sound of it was the shuffle of the horses' hooves on the heat packed street and the creak of saddle leather.

Bald Dome stared closely at Flop Hat, Cowskin Vest, Curley and Red Beard as they came through the door. In silence he watched them range along the polished strip. The knuckles of his hands went white as he gripped the heavy wood.

"It didn't take you brave boys very long," he said slowly.

"Shut up and pour me a drink," Red Beard grunted, his head moving in affirmative jerks.

"No, you don't," Bald Dome said hoarsely. "You're going to live with this, without the help of alcohol." His

right hand slid beneath the bar and came out with a snout barrelled 38. "Get out! Get th' hell out of here!"

Bald Dome wet his lips as he saw Flop Hat hesitate before turning and leading the way for Cowskin Vest and Red Beard through the swinging doors.

"You too, Curley," he rasped at the runty liveryman.

"Not 'till I get my money."

"What money?"

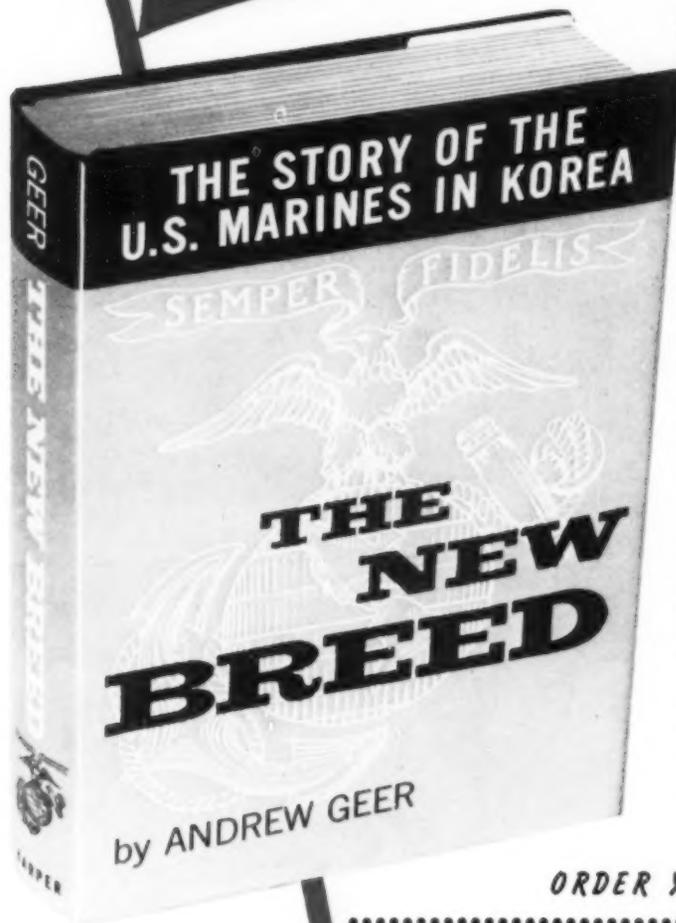
"The rent for my horse today." Curley nodded towards Cards. "He owes me two bucks."

"That pigeon-toed crow bait isn't worth two bucks." Cards put the deck of cards on the table and his thumb and forefingers brought two silver pieces from his flowered vest. One by one he tossed them across to Curley. "Next time you rent me a lame horse I'll beat your brains out."

"Now git," Bald Dome ordered. He shook his head and spat as the flutter of swinging doors rocked behind Curley.

END

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Foreword by Major Gen. O. P. Smith, U.S.M.C.

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